



No. 59



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

JAN.

10¢

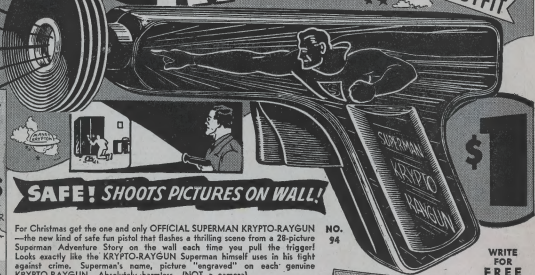


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NO. 94

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FOR  
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CATALOG**

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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

ONCE AGAIN AN EERIE \*  
SHAPE THROWS LENGTHENING  
SHADOWS THAT CUT A  
CRIMINAL SWATH ACROSS  
A CONTINENT-- THE  
**PENGUIN HAS RETURNED!**

THE ODD LITTLE MAN,  
WITH THE PECULIAR  
ROLLING GAIT, WADDLES  
THRU A SERIES OF  
CRIMES INSPIRED BY HIS  
FERTILE -- BUT TWISTED --  
BRAIN, AND LEADS THE  
**BATMAN AND ROBIN** HALFWAY  
ACROSS THE COUNTRY  
TO END A SAGA OF  
VIOLENCE OF THE  
MISSISSIPPI'S MUDDY WATERS!  
THE AMAZING STORY OF--

*The* **KING OF THE  
JUNGLE!**

**WANTED  
MR. PENGUIN**



**DEAD  
OR  
ALIVE**



AS CHURNING WHEELS SPEED A FAST  
EXPRESS ACROSS MID-WESTERN PLAINS  
---AN ODD, LITTLE FIGURE  
DARTS FROM BEHIND A WATER-TOWER  
AND---







HAHT  
MADE  
IT,  
B'JOVEY

SURPRISINGLY NIMBLE, IN SPITE OF  
HIS FAT, THE ODD LITTLE MAN SWINGS  
HIMSELF INTO THE BOX CAR--

WELL--WELL--  
AND I THOUGHT  
THESE WERE  
PRIVATE  
ACCOMMODATIONS!

SMART, EH?  
WHAT'S  
YOUR  
MONIKER,  
FATTY?

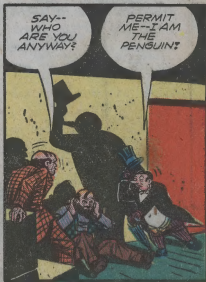


NAME CALLING ISN'T  
NICE! SUPPOSE I TELL  
YOU YOUR--ER MONIKERS!  
YOU'RE LEFTY LARRY,  
WANTED FOR MURDERY  
AND YOU'RE MIKE THE  
TRAMP, WANTED FOR  
ARSON AND--



I'LL  
TEAR  
'IM  
APART--  
YEEOW!

TSK TSK!  
I'M SORRY--  
BUT REALLY  
I DON'T WANT  
TO BE TORN  
APART--



SAY--  
WHO  
ARE YOU  
ANYWAY?

PERMIT  
ME--I AM  
THE  
PENGUIN!



TH--THE  
PENGUIN!  
BOY, HE'S  
A REAL  
BIG  
SHOT!

OH, YEAH?  
WHADDABOUT  
ME? AIN'T  
THERE A TEN  
GRAND REWARD  
OUT FOR  
ME?



TEN GRAND?  
HUH? THAT'S  
CHICKENFEED!  
WHY, THE  
COPS WILL  
GIVE FIFTEEN  
GRAND  
FOR ME!

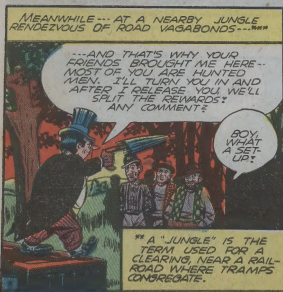
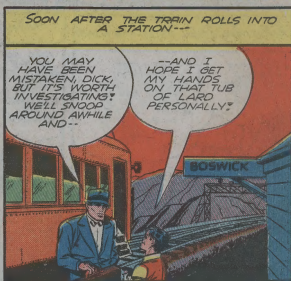
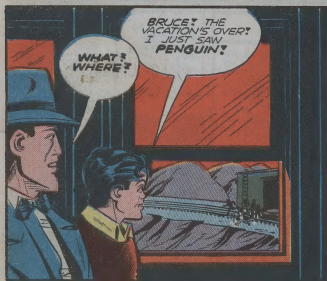
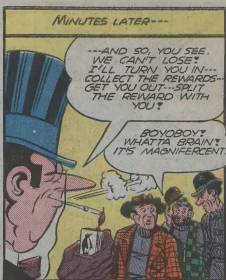
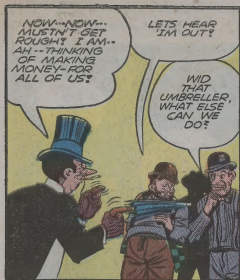
I GOT  
YA BOTH  
BEAT--  
LEMMIE  
TELL  
YOU--

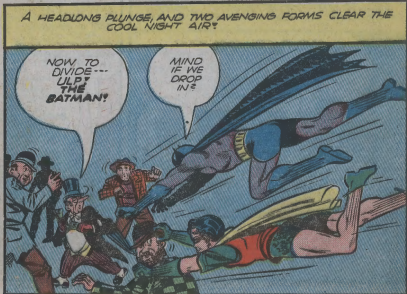
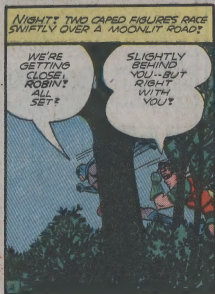
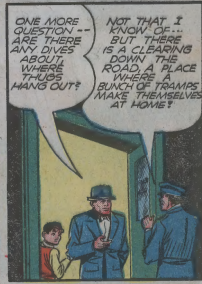
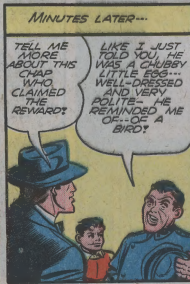
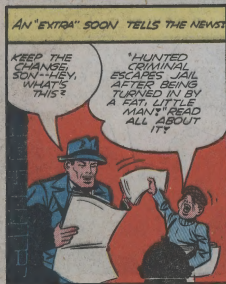


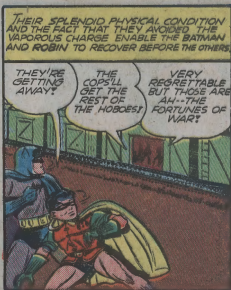
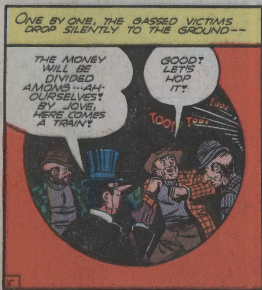
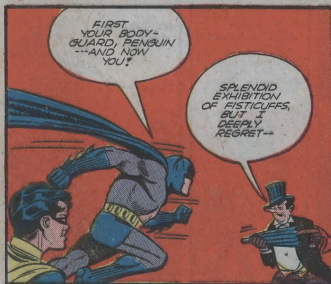
HMMM--  
WHOEVER  
TURNED YOU  
LADS IN TO  
THE AUTHORITIES  
WOULD REALIZE  
A NICE PIECE  
OF--ER--  
CHANGE!

JUSSA  
MINUTE,  
PENGUIN!  
YOU  
AIN'T  
GONNA--

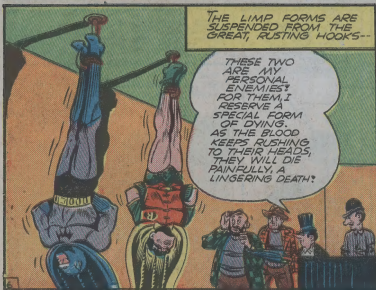




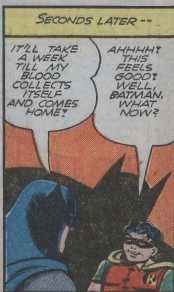
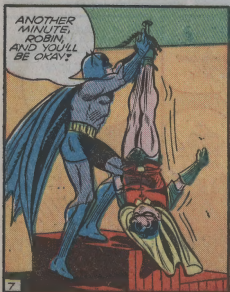
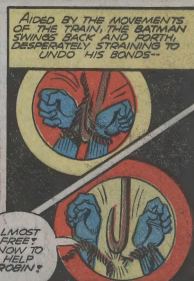
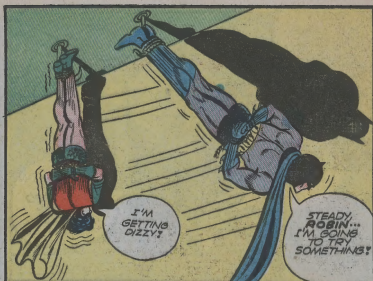








SOON AFTER, AS THE TRAIN LURCHES AROUND A BEND, TWO SWINGING BODIES COLLIDE!

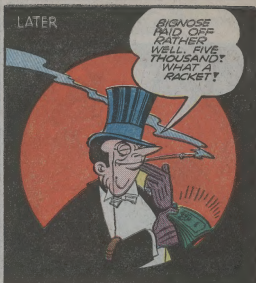




DAYS LATER--  
TWO ODDLY  
CONTRASTED  
FIGURES  
APPROACH  
A POLICE  
STATION  
IN MEMPHIS,  
TENNESSEE--

WELL,  
BIGNOSE,  
I'M PUTTING  
YOU IN  
JAIL!

I'D LIKE  
TO GET  
ARRESTED  
LIKE THIS  
EVERY  
TIME!



LATER

BIGNOSE  
PAID OFF  
RATHER  
WELL. FIVE  
THOUSAND!  
WHAT A  
RACKET!



THAT NIGHT----

YOU  
HERE  
AGAIN?

OFFICER, YOU  
DON'T KNOW HOW  
I'VE SUFFERED  
THOUGH IT WAS  
MY--AH--CIVIC DUTY  
TO TURN IN THAT  
CRIMINAL--YET MY  
HEART VERILY BLEEDS  
FOR THE POOR UNFORTU-  
NATE ER--NOT TO MENTION  
THE OTHERS!



SO YOU  
BROUGHT  
PRESENTS, EH?  
I'LL HAVE TO  
EXAMINE  
THEM--  
IT'S  
REGULATIONS!

TO BE SURE,  
AND DON'T  
FORGET  
TO EXTRACT  
THE FILE  
FROM THE  
CAKE? HAT  
HA? HA?



A FILE  
IN THE  
CAKE?  
HA? HA?  
THAT'S  
A GOOD  
ONE!

OF COURSE! I  
ALWAYS PUT A  
FILE IN THE  
CAKE--TO HELP  
PRISONERS  
ESCAPE. YOU  
KNOW? UGH?  
COUGH--COUGH?

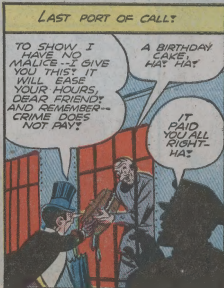
THAT'S  
RIGHT! WAIT!LL  
I TELL THE  
CHIEF? HAW?  
HAW?



THE PENGUIN DISTRIBUTES HIS GIFTS--

HAW?  
YOU'RE  
KILLING  
ME!

HERE,  
POOR  
FELLOW,  
AND DON'T  
EAT THE  
SKIN!



TO SHOW I  
HAVE NO  
MALICE--I GIVE  
YOU THIS! IT  
WILL EASE  
YOUR HOURS,  
DEAR FRIENDY  
AND REMEMBER--  
CRIME DOES  
NOT PAY!

A BIRTHDAY  
CAKE!  
HA? HA?

IT  
PAID  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT--  
HA?

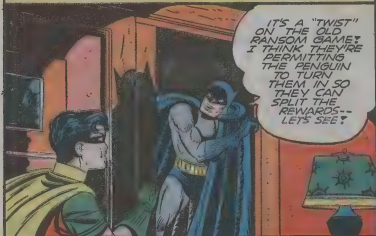


AS A NEARBY CHIME  
INTONES A LATE HOUR--

THIS IS THE  
NICEST  
PRESENT I  
EVER HAD--  
HA? HA?  
HAW?



AT THAT MOMENT--BATMAN PRESSES A HIDDEN  
BUTTON IN HIS HOME---



IT'S A "TWIST"  
ON THE OLD  
RANDOM GAME!  
I THINK THEY'RE  
PERMITTING  
THE PENGUIN  
TO TURN  
THEM IN, SO  
THEY CAN  
SPLIT THE  
REWARDS--  
LET'S SEE!

INSIDE HIS SECRET LABORATORY,  
THE BATMAN LOOKS AT HIS  
PERSONAL ROGUE'S GALLERY!

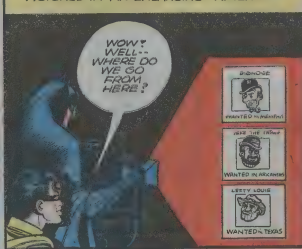
IF MY  
HUNCH IS  
CORRECT,  
WE'LL SOON  
RUN ACROSS  
SOME  
INTERESTING  
PICTURES!

I GET  
YOU!  
SWELL  
IDEA!



JUST AS  
I THOUGHT!  
HERE'S  
THE  
STORY,  
ROBIN!

THE BATMAN'S GLOVED HAND PLACES THREE  
PICTURES IN AN ENLARGING CAMERA!



WOW!  
WELL--  
WHERE DO  
WE GO  
FROM  
HERE?

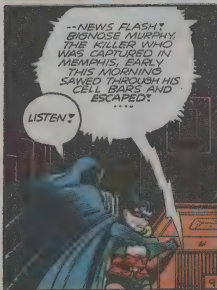


LATER--

IT'S DRIVING ME  
CRAZY! MEMPHIS,  
ARKANSAS, TEXAS!  
WHERE WILL THEY  
STRIKE  
NEXT?

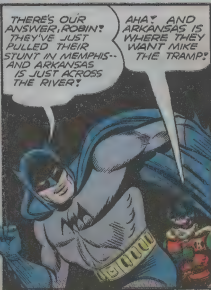
I'LL GET  
SOME MUSIC--  
MAYBE IT'LL  
CLEAR OUR HEADS!

WE NOW  
BRING YOU  
A SPEECH  
BY--



--NEWS FLASH!  
BIGNOSE MURPHY,  
THE KILLER WHO  
WAS CAPTURED IN  
MEMPHIS, EARLY  
THIS MORNING  
SAWED THROUGH HIS  
CELL BARS AND  
ESCAPED!  
....

LISTEN!



THERE'S OUR  
ANSWER, ROBIN!  
THEY'VE JUST  
PULLED THEIR  
STUNT IN MEMPHIS--  
AND ARKANSAS  
IS JUST ACROSS  
THE RIVER!

AHA! AND  
ARKANSAS IS  
WHERE THEY  
WANT MIKE  
THE TRAMP!

CORRECT,  
ROBIN, AND  
THAT'S WHERE  
WE'RE GOING  
TO MAKE  
SURE THAT  
ONCE THEY  
GET MIKE  
THE TRAMP  
THEY KEEP  
HIM!

THEY'LL  
KEEP HIM,  
ALL RIGHT?  
NOT MENTION  
TO COUPLE  
OF OTHERS--  
EH, BATMAN?



MINUTES LATER--THE  
BATPLANE WINGS WESTWARD  
THROUGH THE NIGHT LIKE  
A GIANT FABLE BIRD!

AS THE BATPLANE BULLETS  
THROUGH THE AIR--THE  
COLD, GREY STREAKS OF  
DAWN OUTLINE A CAR  
THAT SKIDS TO A HALT!

ALL SET  
PETE FOR  
YOUR--ER--  
JAILING?

ALL SET,  
MR. PENGUIN!  
IN AN' OUT  
LIKE A REVOLVIN'  
DOOR!

MINUTES LATER---

GOOD-BYE,  
SIR, AND  
WITH THE  
MONEY GO  
MY CONGRATULATIONS!  
YOU'VE DONE  
A REMARKABLE  
PIECE OF  
WORK!

I HAVE  
A SLIGHT  
PREMONITION  
THAT WE SHALL  
MEET AGAIN!

SAY--  
YOU LOOK  
ILL!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

WELL--  
AHEM--  
SINCE  
I HAVE  
TAKEN  
THIS  
MONEY--

UGH!

--IT IS  
FAIR THAT  
I GIVE YOU  
SOMETHING  
IN RETURN!  
DUCK,  
PETE!

AHHH!  
MY  
EYES!

A MOMENT LATER---

GOSH!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

LITTLE  
MAN--  
BLINDED  
ME--TEAR  
GAS--LOOK  
PRISONER  
UPSTAIRS--

LET'S  
GO, ROBIN!  
WE CAN FLY  
THE  
BATPLANE  
UP AND--

MEANWHILE--

WHO  
ARE--  
UGH?

LOADING  
ONE'S UMBRELLA  
HANDLE WITH  
LEAD MAKES  
THINGS--AH--  
SIMPLER!

HALFWAY  
TO THE  
BATPLANE,  
A HAIL  
OF HOT  
LEAD  
SHOWERS  
THE BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN!

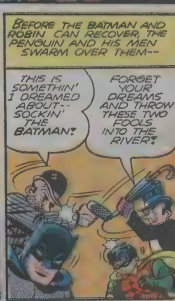
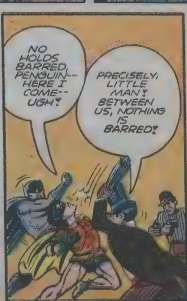
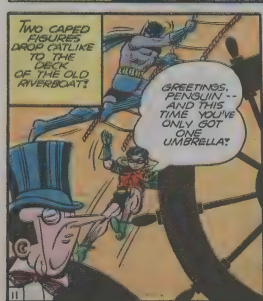
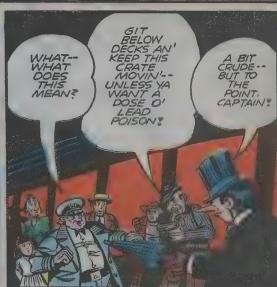
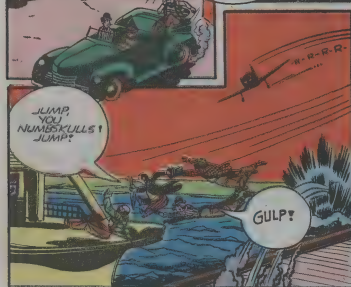
HAW!  
LOOKA  
THEM  
JUMP!

DOWN,  
ROBIN!  
DOWN!

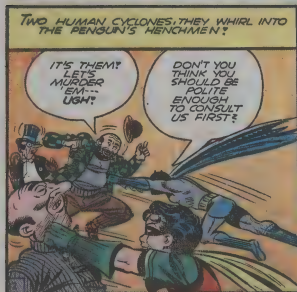
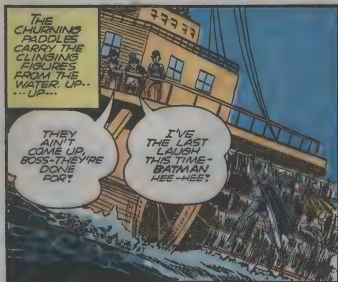
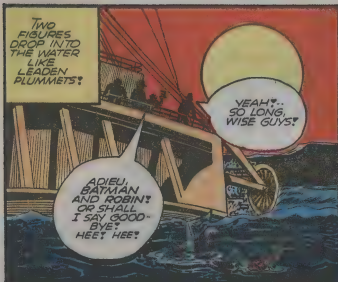
YOU  
BLITHERING  
IDIOT--YOU  
MISSED!  
NOW WE'LL  
HAVE  
TO JUMP!



TWO SETS OF MOTORS COUSH TO SUDDEN LIFE--AND THE CHASE IS ON!







A GLEAMING, NEEDLE-POINTED BLADE  
SWINGS A VICIOUS DEATH-  
DEALING ARC?

PARDON  
ME WHILE  
I DECAPITATE  
YOU--  
OOUFF?

PARDON  
THE PUN,  
BUT I'M SORT  
OF ATTACHED  
TO MY HEAD?  
AH? THAT  
MOP?

CURSE!  
YOUR  
SLITHERING  
FORM? CAN'T  
YOU STAY  
STILL?

RIGHT  
WITH  
YOU,  
PENGUIN  
OLD BOY!

HAVE AT YOU,  
KNAVE--OH  
OH--THIS  
IS SERIOUS?

THE HOT  
BREATH  
OF DOOM  
IS AT YOUR  
THROAT,  
BATMAN?

THE BATMAN'S HANDS  
QUICKLY REVERSE THE  
MOP AND--

HOT  
BREATH,  
EH? THIS  
MOP WILL  
CLEAN AWAY  
SOME OF  
YOUR  
HOT  
AIR?

I WILL--  
--ULP--  
SPLUTTER--

BUT THOUGH JESTING  
WORDS FILL THE AIR, GRIM  
DEATH HOVERS CEASELESSLY  
ABOUT!

YOU  
MISSED,  
BIRDMAN!

--BUT I  
WON'T?

I KNOW WHEN  
I'M BEATEN,  
BATMAN, AND  
SINCE I CAN'T  
MATCH YOUR  
FISTICUFFS, THIS  
IS THE ONLY  
SOLUTION?

MINUTES TICK BY--BUT NO  
SIGN OF THE PENGUIN?

LOOKED  
ALL OVER--  
NOT A  
SIGN  
OF THAT  
LITTLE  
MAN?

WELL, AT  
LEAST WE  
HAVE THESE  
THINGS TO  
TURN OVER TO  
THE AUTHORITIES--  
AND THIS TIME  
THEY'LL STAY  
PUT!

NIGHT--AS A BAT-LIKE  
CRAFT WINGS ACROSS  
THE RIVER BELOW--

WELL--THE  
END OF THIS  
CASE--AND  
CERTAINLY  
THE END OF  
THE PENGUIN,  
EH, ROBIN?

I DUNNO!  
I'VE  
GOT A  
FUNNY  
FEELING--

ONLY THE SILENT  
WATERS OF THE  
MISSISSIPPI KNOW  
THE ANSWER OF  
THE PENGUIN'S  
END, AND THEY  
WON'T TELL!



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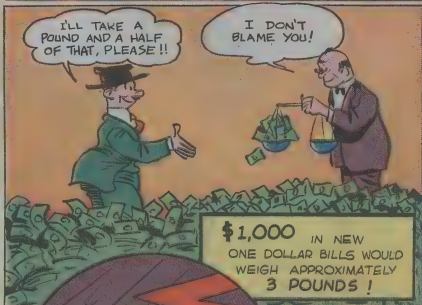
Please send me your Free Book "Chemistry  
—the Modern Magic"

Name .....

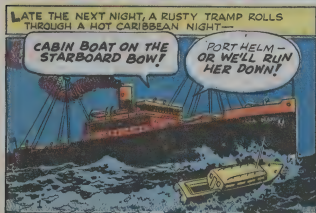
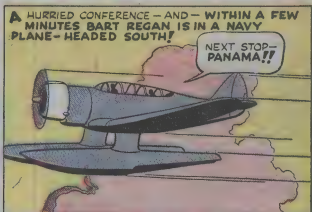
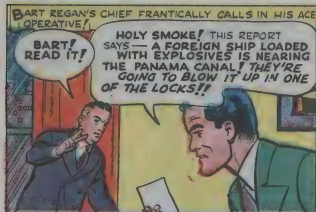
Address .....

City ..... State .....

# Facts!

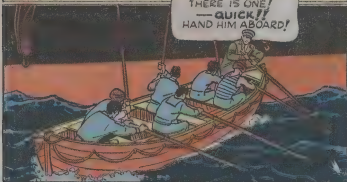






THE "OKKA MARU" WALLOWS TO A STOP—A LIFEBOAT SPLASHES DOWN—

THERE IS ONE!  
—QUICK!!  
HAND HIM ABOARD!



WERE THERE  
OTHERS??  
HOW MANY?

N-NO  
OTHERS— I—  
ONLY ONE—

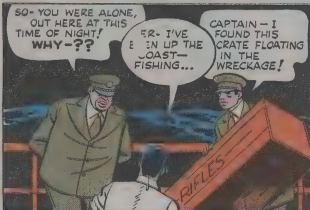
IT'S BART  
REGAN!!



SO YOU WERE ALONE,  
OUT HERE AT THIS  
TIME OF NIGHT!  
WHY-??

ER- I'VE  
E IN UP THE  
OAST—  
FISHING...

CAPTAIN—I  
FOUND THIS  
CRATE FLOATING  
IN THE  
WRECKAGE!



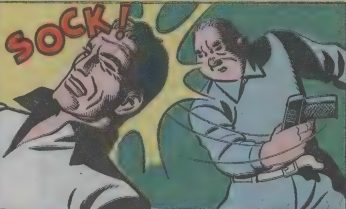
AH!! GUNS! THAT IS  
INTERESTING. A  
FISHERMAN?? YOU  
LIE! YOU ARE A  
GUN RUNNER!!

THAT'S MY AFFAIR.  
YOU'LL TURN ME OVER  
TO THE AUTHORITIES,  
I SUPPOSE?!



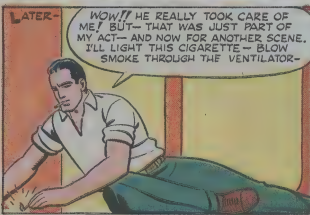
WELL-L-L- I COULD DO  
THAT— QUITE EASILY, BUT  
WE SHALL SEE—. MEAN-  
TIME, I MUST LOCK YOU UP!

OH, NO!!

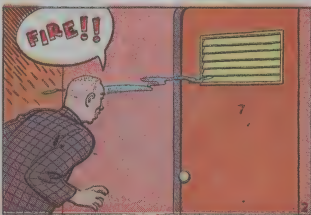


LATER—

WOW!! HE REALLY TOOK CARE OF  
ME! BUT— THAT WAS JUST PART OF  
MY ACT— AND NOW FOR ANOTHER SCENE.  
I'LL LIGHT THIS CIGARETTE— BLOW  
SMOKE THROUGH THE VENTILATOR—

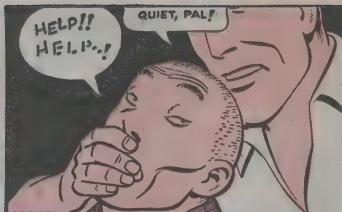


FIRE!!





I THOUGHT  
THAT SMOKE  
WOULD  
BRING YOU  
RUNNIN'!

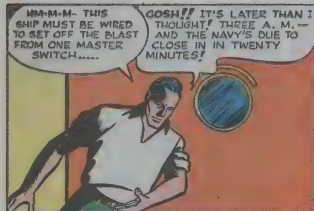


HELP!!  
HELP!!

QUIET, PAL!



THERE—THAT'S BETTER.  
FUNNY, HOW QUICK A LITTLE  
SMOKE ON A MUNITIONS SHIP  
WILL BRING ACTION, BUT— IF  
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO.  
I'VE WORK TO DO BEFORE  
THIS NIGHT IS OVER!



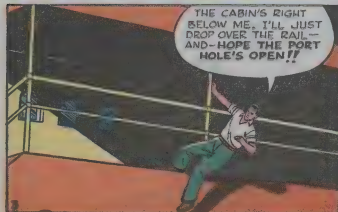
MM-M-M- THIS  
SHIP MUST BE WIRED  
TO SET OFF THE BLAST  
FROM ONE MASTER  
SWITCH.....

GOSH!! IT'S LATER THAN I  
THOUGHT! THREE A. M.—  
AND THE NAVY'S DUE TO  
CLOSE IN IN TWENTY  
MINUTES!



AH! GUARDS!  
THAT'S PROBABLY IT!  
THE SWITCH MUST  
BE IN THERE—

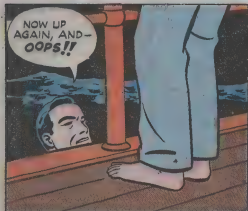
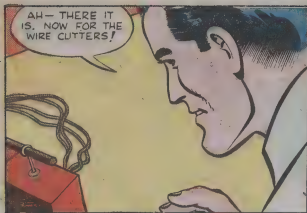
I'VE GOT TO GET IN, DO  
MY WORK, AND GET OUT  
—ALL UNOBSERVED. SO  
I'LL HAVE TO GET IN  
SOME OTHER WAY—!



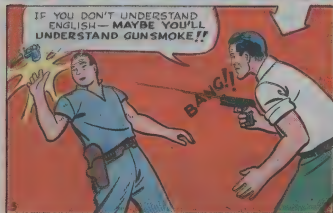
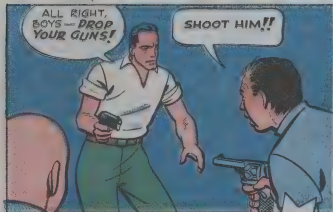
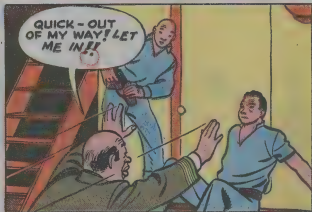
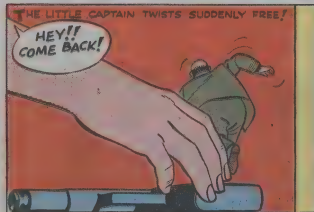
THE CABIN'S RIGHT  
BELOW ME. I'LL JUST  
DROP OVER THE RAIL—  
AND—HOPE THE PORT  
HOLE'S OPEN!!

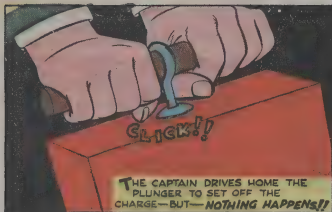


A TIGHT SQUEEZE, BUT I'VE  
BEEN IN TIGHT PLACES BEFORE!

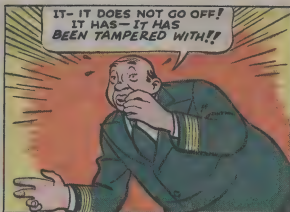








THE CAPTAIN DRIVES HOME THE  
PLUNGER TO SET OFF THE  
CHARGE—BUT—**NOTHING HAPPENS!!**

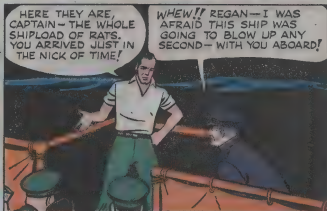


IT—IT DOES NOT GO OFF!  
IT HAS—IT HAS  
**BEEN TAMPERED WITH!!**



THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN. NOW, IF YOU'LL  
ORDER ALL YOUR MEN ON DECK,  
UNARMED, TO SURRENDER  
AS SABOTEURS...

TH—THERE  
IS NOTHING ELSE  
TO DO—



HERE THEY ARE,  
CAPTAIN—THE WHOLE  
SHIPLOAD OF RATS.  
YOU ARRIVED JUST IN  
THE NICK OF TIME!

WHEW!! REGAN—I WAS  
AFRAID THIS SHIP WAS  
GOING TO BLOW UP ANY  
SECOND—WITH YOU ABOARD!



YOU HANDLED  
THE WHOLE JOB  
MAGNIFICENTLY!

IT WAS SIMPLE, OF COURSE,  
THE EASIEST WAY WOULD HAVE  
BEEN TO SIGNAL THEM TO  
STOP FROM A DESTROYER—  
AND LET THEM BLOW THEM-  
SELVES TO SMITHEREENS, AS  
THEY TRIED TO DO!



BUT THE CHIEF  
AND I DECIDED THAT  
IF WE WORKED IT  
RIGHT, WE COULD  
CAPTURE THEM.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GET  
ABOARD THEIR SHIP WITH-  
OUT AROUSING SUSPICION  
—SO I LET THEM TAKE  
ME ABOARD!



YEP—THE U.S. NEEDS  
SHIPS. TONIGHT, OUR ENEMIES  
HAVE GIVEN US ANOTHER ONE—  
TO HELP IN OUR FIGHT TO  
AID THE DEMOCRACIES!



# ENERGY

## to do Big Things

**W**HEN the huge steam shovel scoops up a ton of clay in one great bite, energy in the form of fuel is required to perform the task.

Your body, too, requires energy to perform its daily tasks . . . energy generated from the foods you eat.

When you eat a tempting, tasty, nut-filled Curtiss BABY RUTH Candy Bar you obtain wholesome food-energy along with mouth-watering goodness. BABY RUTH is Rich in DEXTROSE, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. And is it DELICIOUS? Just ask those who eat it. Enjoy one today and every day. Only a nickel.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Delicious!  
You Can't Beat  
**BABY RUTH**  
for Taste



RICH IN  
**DEXTROSE**  
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES  
DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY



**ENERGY**  
ANYTIME

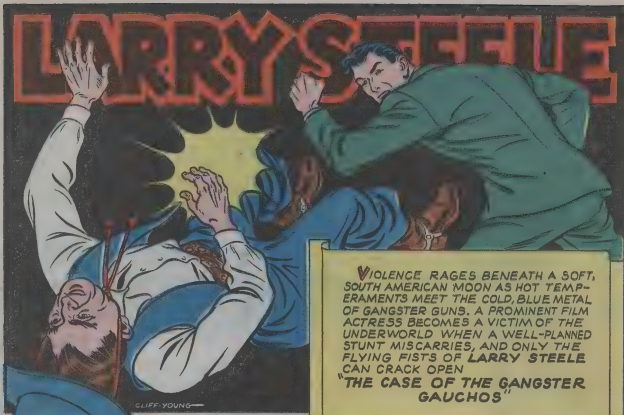
It's good to know that BABY RUTH helps provide food-energy for that mid-afternoon let-down when body sugar is low.



**THE FIRST  
AND ONLY CANDY  
SERVED DIONNE "QUINTS"**

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY

# LARRY STEELE



CLIFF YOUNG

VIOLENCE RAGES BENEATH A SOFT, SOUTH AMERICAN MOON AS HOT TEMPERAMENTS MEET THE COLD, BLUE METAL OF GANGSTER GUNS. A PROMINENT FILM ACTRESS BECOMES A VICTIM OF THE UNDERWORLD WHEN A WELL-PLANNED STUNT MISCARRIES, AND ONLY THE FLYING FISTS OF LARRY STEELE CAN CRACK OPEN "THE CASE OF THE GANGSTER GAUCHOS"

TO THE ORNATE OFFICES OF MAGNETIC PICTURES COMES LARRY STEELE, SUMMONED FROM NEW YORK ON AN URGENT CASE--

HERE I AM, MR. MOON, IN ANSWER TO YOUR WIRE.

AND YOU DIDN'T COME ANY TOO SOON. I'M SENDING BLOSSOM DARE TO SOUTH AMERICA ON A GOOD WILL TOUR, AND SHE MIGHT NEED A BODYGUARD.

THAT TEMPERAMENTAL DOLL? NO, THANKS. I'D SOONER CHAPERONE A TIGER---

DST. LARRY SSSHH--!

BEFORE LARRY AND THE PRODUCER CAN TAKE COVER, A DYNAMIC BEAUTY UNLEASHES A BLITZ!

I'M TEMPERAMENTAL, EH? WHO SAYS I AM? AND I DON'T WANT ANY HALF-WITTED DETECTIVE TRAILING ME, EITHER.

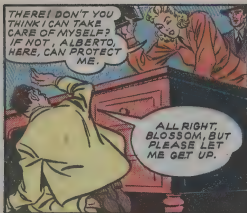
KEEP IT UP, HONEY, AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO!

ALL RIGHT, SISTER. YOU WIN. CALL OFF THE ARTILLERY!

PLEASE, BLOSSOM. CONTROL YOURSELF. REMEMBER THE LINES IN YOUR FACE!

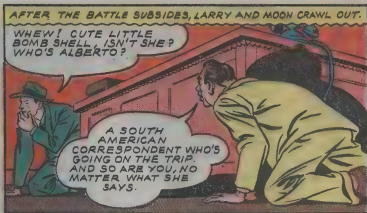






THERE! DON'T YOU THINK I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF? IF NOT, ALBERTO, HERE, CAN PROTECT ME.

ALL RIGHT, BLOSSOM, BUT PLEASE LET ME GET UP.

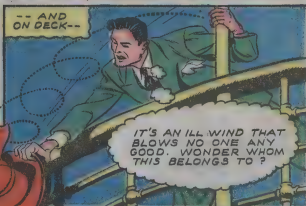


AFTER THE BATTLE SUBSIDES, LARRY AND MOON CRAWL OUT.  
WHEW! CUTE LITTLE BOMB SHELL, ISN'T SHE? WHO'S ALBERTO?

A SOUTH AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT WHO'S GOING ON THE TRIP, AND SO ARE YOU, NO MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS.

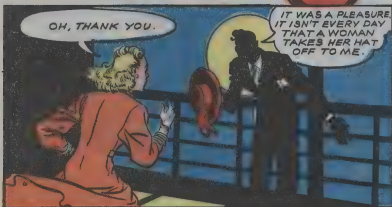


AND SO, THE NEXT NIGHT, THE SS. ANTIAGO IS SKIMMING ALONG THE SEA.



-- AND ON DECK--

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO ONE ANY GOOD. WONDER WHO THIS BELONGS TO?

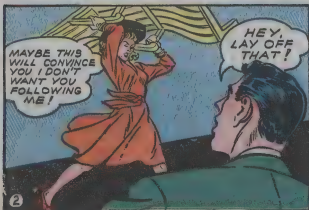


OH, THANK YOU.

IT WAS A PLEASURE IT ISN'T EVERY DAY THAT A WOMAN TAKES HER HAT OFF TO ME.

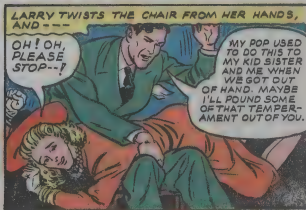
LARRY STEELE? HOW DARE YOU FOLLOW ME?

I WAS RIGHT! AN ILL WIND BLOWS NO ONE ANY GOOD.



MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU I DON'T WANT YOU FOLLOWING ME!

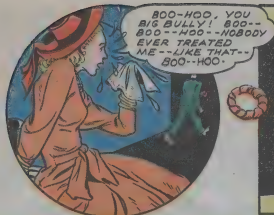
HEY, LAY OFF THAT!



LARRY TWISTS THE CHAIR FROM HER HANDS, AND ---

OH! OH, PLEASE STOP--!

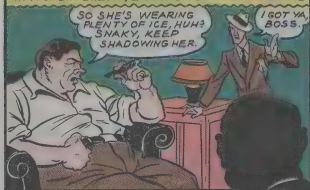
MY POP USED TO DO THIS TO MY KID SISTER AND ME WHEN WE GOT OUT OF HAND. MAYBE I'LL POUND SOME OF THAT TEMPERAMENT OUT OF YOU.



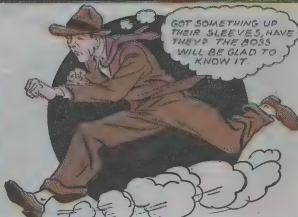
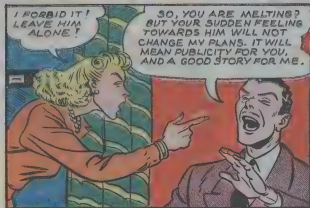
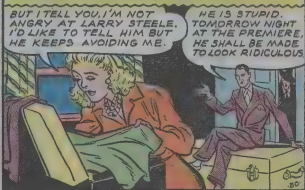
DAYS PASS, AND LARRY DOES NOT RELAX HIS VIGIL.



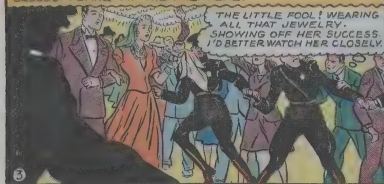
IN A CABIN BELOW, LARRY'S FEARS MATERIALIZE.



THE LAST NIGHT ON BOARD --

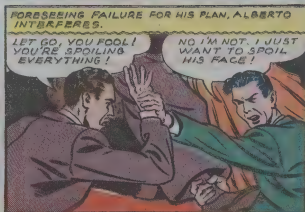
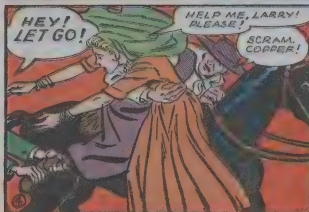
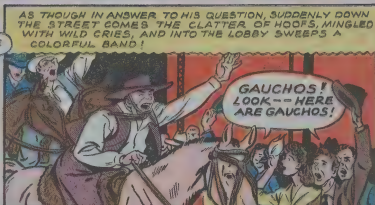
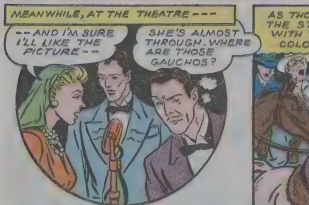
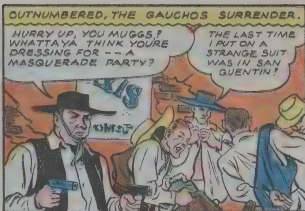
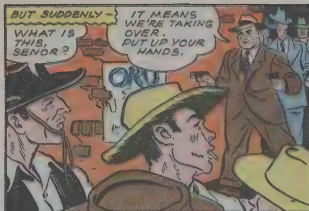


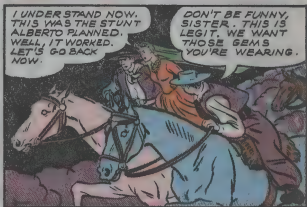
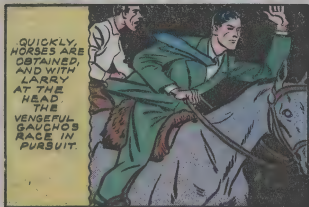
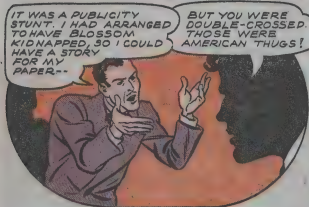
NEXT EVENING, AND THE ENTIRE CITY TURNS OUT TO GREET BLOSSOM DARE AT THE PREMIERE.



AND JUST AROUND THE CORNER ---









GAUCHOS!  
LOS BOLOS?

AND SUDDENLY  
A SWARM OF  
BOLOS SING  
THROUGH  
THE AIR!

ARRIBA!

AS SUPERHOMBRE  
SAYS, UP, UP, AND  
AWAY!

SO YOU CAME SOUTH, EH?  
WELL, MAYBE I CAN  
CONVINCE YOU IT'S  
TOO HOT FOR  
YOU.

MAYBE--YOU  
CAN-- TELL  
ME-- OUGH!  
INSTEAD OF--  
SHOWING ME!

THERE ARE ROMANCE AND  
ADVENTURE IN ARGENTINE--  
IT'S THE SOUTH  
AMERICAN WAY!

NOT FOR  
ME, IT'S  
TOO ROUGH

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE MISSIVES  
ENTWINE THEMSELVES AROUND THE NECKS  
OF THE FUGITIVES

UGH! I'M---  
CHOK--  
CHOKING!

OWWW!

MY-- MY  
NECK!

IN THE 'NECK'  
OF TIME!

IF THERE'RE ANY  
APOLOGIES TO BE  
MADE, I'LL MAKE  
THEM. SORRY I  
SPANKED YOU. BUT  
YOU MUST BE  
GLAD I SAVED  
YOUR JEWELS?

OH, LARRY, WHAT  
WOULD I HAVE  
DONE WITHOUT  
YOU?

IF YOU ONLY KNEW  
THEY WERE PASTE  
AND NOT GENUINE.  
... BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER KNOW.

• THE END •

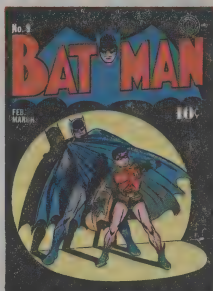
# RELAX AND READ!

YESSIR, YOU'LL FIND PLENTY  
OF ENJOYABLE  
WINTER READING  
IN

## BATMAN No. 9

—BUT WE CAN'T  
GUARANTEE THAT THESE 4  
COMPLETE WHIRLWIND  
ADVENTURES OF  
**BATMAN**  
and **ROBIN**

WON'T LIFT YOU RIGHT OUT  
OF YOUR CHAIR!



ON SALE  
DEC. 10th

# WORLD'S FINEST BUY!



NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!

JUST IMAGINE

**96** FULL  
PAGES

OF ACTION, THRILLS  
AND ADVENTURES OF  
SUPERMAN • BATMAN  
ZATARA • SANDMAN  
RED, WHITE AND BLUE  
AND MANY OTHERS!

DON'T MISS IT!

# CLANCY

## THE COP

64

HENRY  
BOUTINOFF

SAY, SONNY, YOU'RE TOO  
LITTLE TO BE DOING THAT.  
LET ME GIVE YOU A  
HAND!



I'M STRONGER THAN YOU  
ARE -- I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!



SEE, IT'S EASY FOR  
ME TO DO IT!



WHEW - IT'S GETTING  
TOUGH -- BUT I CAN'T  
LET THE LITTLE  
FELLOW DOWN!



THERE YOU ARE, BOY -  
ALL CLEANED OFF!



HERE'S THE FIFTY CENTS  
FOR CLEANING OFF THE  
WALK, SONNY!



SO LONG,  
CHUMP!



# CLIFF CROSBY

YOUNG, DYNAMIC EDITOR OF THE RECORD, CLIFF CROSBY, HAS MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS A CRIME-BUSTER. NO CRIME IS SO SUBTLE, SO UNSOLVABLE, BUT THAT IT BECOMES A CHALLENGE TO HIS QUICK WIT!



I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT THE FAMILY GEMS, THEY'VE BEEN STOLEN! YOU HAVE SUCH A REPUTATION THAT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HELP GET THEM BACK.

I'LL BE GLAD TO DO WHATEVER I CAN, WHERE DID THE THEFT TAKE PLACE?

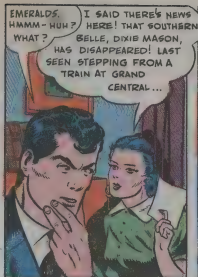
MY BROTHER TOOK THEM TO BE REPAIRED. ON THE WAY HOME, THE GEMS WERE TAKEN FROM HIM!

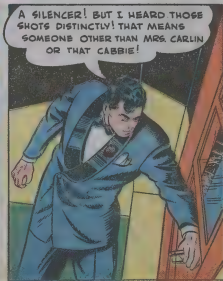
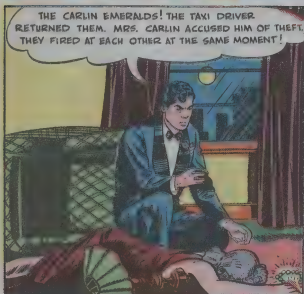
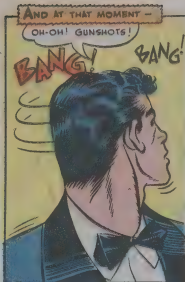
IF YOU'LL COME TO OUR FORMAL PARTY TONIGHT, I'M SURE YOU CAN LEARN ENOUGH ABOUT OUR FRIENDS TO HELP YOU!

I'D BE DELIGHTED! I'LL BE THERE AND DON'T WORRY!











GUN LICENSES! TWO OF THEM!  
THAT MEANS JIM CARLIN OWNS  
THOSE GUNS THAT KILLED  
THOSE PEOPLE!



HERE  
HE IS,  
SIR!

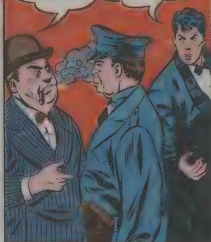
GOOD! CARLIN, WHY DIDN'T YOU  
TELL ME YOU OWNED THOSE  
GUNS?

NOBODY  
ASKED ME!

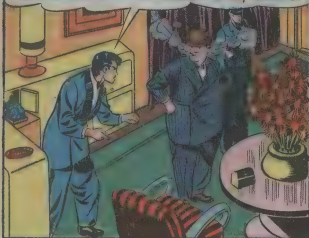


TAKE HIM AWAY  
AND LOCK-

JUST A MINUTE,  
INSPECTOR!



LET'S CONSIDER THIS PROBLEM FROM A LOGICAL ANGLE.  
A TAXI DRIVER AND A WOMAN ARE SLAIN. A SILENCER IS  
FOUND. FOUR SHOTS HAVE BEEN FIRED FROM THE DEATH  
WEAPONS. WHAT DOES THAT SUGGEST TO YOU, INSPECTOR?



IT DOESN'T MEAN  
A DOGGONE  
THING TO ME!

IT SHOULD! AH, KAY! GOOD  
GIRL! HAVE YOU THAT  
FILE ON DIXIE MASON?

RIGHT  
HERE,  
CLIFF!



WHERE IS MISS MASON? YOU ALWAYS  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH HER?

SPOIL THINGS  
FOR ME!



YOU WIN! I AM DIXIE  
MASON! I'VE BEEN HIDING  
FROM NEWSPAPER MEN, CROSSBY! I ORDER  
BUT YOU SEEM TO HAVE  
FOUND ME OUT!

THIS HAS GONE  
FAR ENOUGH,  
CROSSBY! I ORDER  
YOU TO LEAVE THE  
HOUSE. I CAN'T HAVE  
MY GUESTS INSULTED  
ANY MORE!



I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT WITH-  
OUT TELLING EVERYONE WHO THE  
MURDERER IS, MR. CARLIN. YOU  
KNOW WHO IT IS, DON'T YOU?

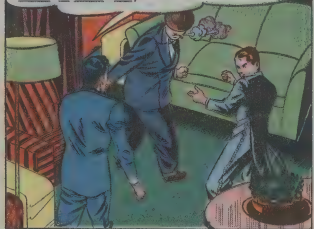


BUT DO YOU KNOW WHO  
THE MURDERER IS? YOU  
HAVE ALL THE CLUES BEFORE  
YOU. BEFORE YOU LOOK  
AT THE NEXT PAGE - WHO  
KILLED MISS CARLIN AND  
THE TAXI DRIVER?

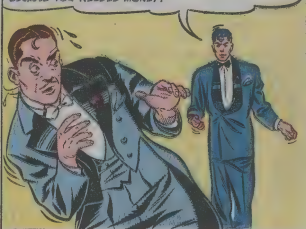




CARLIN OWNED BOTH THE MURDER WEAPONS! THAT ELIMINATES THE THEORY THAT THE TAXI DRIVER BROUGHT HIS OWN GUN WITH HIM TO MURDER MRS. CARLIN. LOGICALLY, HE WOULD HAVE NO GUN - UNLESS THE KILLER THRUST IT INTO HIS DEAD HAND AFTER HE KILLED HIM!



WHOEVER KILLED THEM DID SO WITH THE SILENCER ON EACH GUN! THE KILLER SHOT THEM TO STEAL THE CARLIN EMERALDS THAT HAD BEEN LOST IN THE TAXI. MR. CARLIN, YOU LIED ABOUT THEM! YOU WERE TO HAVE AN ACCOMPLICE TO PICK THEM UP BECAUSE YOU NEEDED MONEY!



YOU KILLED THEM, DORIS DWIGHT! YOU SLEW TO GET THE EMERALDS! CARLIN FOUND YOU. HE BARGAINED NOT TO TELL IF YOU'D LET HIM HAVE THE EMERALDS! YOU AGREED. HE FIRED OFF TWO SHOTS WHILE YOU WERE IN THE LIBRARY. THAT WAS PART OF HIS BARGAIN TO CLEAR YOU!



IF YOU QUESTION MISS DWIGHT CLOSELY, YOU'LL LEARN SHE KIDNAPPED MISS MASON. THERE IS A DISTINCT RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THEM. POSING AS THE VANISHED GIRL, SHE COULD GET AN ENTREE INTO SOCIETY FOR JUST SUCH CRIMES AS THIS!



BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW MISS DWIGHT WASN'T MISS MASON? BECAUSE SHE SAID "YOU ALL TO ME. THAT IS USED WHEN ADDRESSING TWO OR MORE PEOPLE. MISS DWIGHT DID NOT KNOW IT. WHEN SHE SAID THAT TO ME, I KNEW SHE WAS PRETENDING. THE REST WAS SIMPLE DEDUCTION!"



## Good Books For Christmas

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor  
Children's Book Committee  
Child Study Association of America

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS UP TO TEN!

#### THE MYSTERY DOGS OF GLEN HAZARD.

By Maristan Chapman.  
Grosset and Dunlap.

Two children in search of adventure find all they want when their family moves from the city to a deserted Tennessee farm. Trying to solve a mystery leads them straight into trouble, but they come out of it, the proud owners of two dogs—one for each.

#### PAUL BUNYAN, THE WORK GIANT.

By Ida Virginia Turney. Binfords and Mort.  
In the lumber country of the Great Lakes men told tales about a great giant, a mighty logger—Paul Bunyan—and his fabulous blue ox. Their feats of strength and inventiveness were wonderful and terrible and often very funny, too. In this book there are giant-sized colored pictures on every page to give you some idea of the vastness and power of this giant and his ox and his workers, and of their strange and amusing exploits.

### FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS!

#### WORLD SERIES. By John R. Tunis Harcourt Brace.

Here is "The Kid from Tomkinsville" again—no longer a rookie but a full-fledged right fielder in the big league. How he trains with his club and plays his way through many tough games to the crowning victory in the world series make a thrilling story in itself, and gives you a real picture of the baseball world as seen by a fine sports writer who knows it well.

#### PIANG, THE MORO CHIEFTAIN

By E. P. Stuart  
Julian Messner

On his fourteenth birthday, Piang, Chief-elect of his tribe, shot his arrow into the jungle and followed where it led him. For twelve moons he and his boy companions must live in the jungle to prove their manhood. With their skill and their strength, the boys proved their worth, and returned to save their tribe from its traditional pirate enemies.

#### THE BLACK TANKER. By Howard

Pease. Doubleday Doran.

When Vance Warren ships on a tanker bound for China he knows he is headed for danger, in the war-torn Orient. Mystery, espionage and murder circle about the cargo of oil, destined for the Japanese invaders at a Chinese port. How Vance solves the mystery and narrowly misses death in the flaming destruction of the tanker makes a thrilling story in an up-to-the-minute setting.

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ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
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DETECTIVE COMICS  
FLASH COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS  
SENSATION COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

#### BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every other month)  
ALL-STAR COMICS  
BATMAN SUPERMAN

#### QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every third month)  
ALL FLASH QUARTERLY  
GREEN LANTERN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

THE

# CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK IEHT!



ONCE AGAIN LEE TRAVIS DONS THE COLORFUL GARB OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER AS HE ANSWERS THE CLARION CALL OF JUSTICE AND STRIKES OUT AFTER A RUTHLESS KING OF KNAVES! FOLLOW THE SCARLET-CLOAKED FIGURE AS HE RACES THRU THE NIGHT TO KEEP A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH AS HE WRITES A LAST CHAPTER TO—  
‘THE CAREER OF THE SPURIOUS SCRIBE!’

NOON! AND A PORTLY MIDDLE-AGED MAN PUSHES HIS WAY THRU THE HEAVY THIRINGS, HEADED FOR THE CITY LEADING BANK!

I WONDER—WILL I BE ABLE TO GET AWAY WITH IT? WILL THEY SUSPECT MY RUSE?



INSIDE THE BANK!

I'M GREGORY VAN ASHLEY, THE MYSTERY FICTION WRITER. I'D LIKE TO OBTAIN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK!

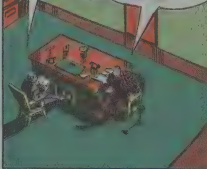
ONE MOMENT, MR. VAN ASHLEY. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

NATURALLY, I WILL BE GLAD TO COOPERATE WITH YOU—HMMM! WRITING MUST BE AN INTERESTING PROFESSION!

THANK YOU, SIR! TELL ME—WHAT SAFETY DEVICES ARE INSTALLED IN THIS BANK TO PREVENT CRIMES? IN MY NEXT BOOK, I WANT TO PROVE THAT THE CRIMINAL HAS NO CHANCE!



IF ANYONE PERPETRATES A HOLDUP, THE TELLER PRESSES THIS BUTTON, AND AN ALARM SOUNDS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

VERY INTERESTING—VERY INTERESTING!



AN ARMED GUARD ALWAYS STAYS IN THIS BOOTH, READY TO CUT LOOSE WITH HIS MACHINE GUN AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE!

HMMM—THE ROBBER OF TODAY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!



THE GENIAL BANK PRESIDENT CONTINUES THE TOUR OF INSPECTION. THEY GO DOWN TO THE BASEMENT!

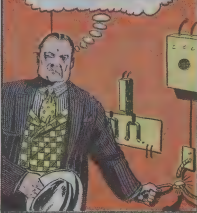
AND HERE ARE THE MASTER SWITCHES THAT CONTROL ALL THE ALARMS. THE MOMENT ANY OF THE NUMEROUS BURGLAR ALARMS INSIDE THE BANK IS SET OFF, THESE SWITCHES AUTOMATICALLY RELAY THE ALARM TO LAW OFFICIALS!

VERY IMPRESSIVE, I MUST SAY!



SUDDENLY, AS THE BANK PRESIDENT'S BACK IS TURNED—VAN ASHLEY'S HAND SPEARS OUT SWIFTLY!

ONE QUICK SNIP—LIKE THIS—AND THESE ALARMS ARE USELESS!



LATER!

THANK YOU, SIR! YOU MAY BE SURE THAT I WILL SEND YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF MY NEXT BOOK. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PLEASURE GOOD DAY!





ONCE OUTSIDE THE BANK, GREGORY VAN ASHLEY ROUNDS THE CORNER, HOPS INTO A WAITING SEDAN!

WELL, SHITTY, I DID IT! I GOT THE PRESIDENT TO HELP ME CASE HIS OWN BANK! TOMORROW WE RAID IT!

WHAT A LAUGH BOSS! THAT'S WHAT I CALL COOPERATION—WAIT'LL THE BOYS HEAR ABOUT THIS!

AT THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS!

HERE'S A COMPLETE LAYOUT OF THE BANK, MEN—FOR WHICH WE CAN THANK THE PRESIDENT! AT THE PLACE MARKED X, AN ARMED GUARD LOOKS OUT. AT Y—

CLEVER, THE BOSS!

WHAT A BRAIN!

THE GARTORIALLY DRESSED LEADER SPEAKS ON, REHEARSING HIS MEN FOR THEIR NEXT PLUNDER COUP!

—AND SO TOMORROW WE STRIKE! YOU ALL KNOW YOUR PARTS. ANY QUESTIONS?

A WHITE-GLOVED FINGER SQUEEZES A TRIGGER—AND THERE IS A SHOT—THE SPURT OF FLAME!

YEAH! I'VE GOT A QUESTION! WHEN DO WE GET THAT RAISE YOU WERE PROMISING US? I'M TIRED OF WORKING FOR THE SMALL SPLIT YOU'VE BEEN DISHING OUT—I WANT A NEW DEAL!

OKAY, SLUGGER! YOU WANT A NEW DEAL? WELL, YOU'LL GET A NEW DEAL!

NO! BOSS—TAKE OFF YOUR GLOVES—I DIDN'T MEAN—WHAT I SAID—HONEST!

THE BOSS IS PUTTIN' ON HIS WHITE GLOVES!

I DETEST THESE SORDID AFFAIRS—ALWAYS SPOILING A PAIR OF GLOVES WITH POWDER BURNS! BY THE WAY—DO ANY OTHER OF YOU GENTLEMEN WANT A RAISE?

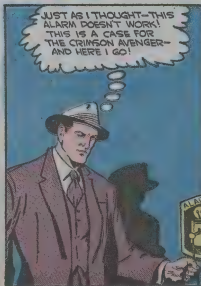
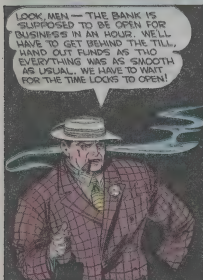
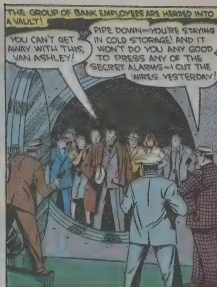
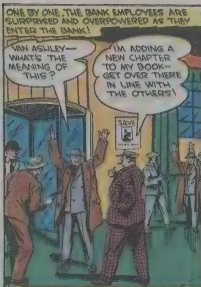
NO! EVERYTHING'S OKAY, BOSS!

YEAH—THINGS IS SWELL!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AND A SINISTER CRIME CARAVAN SPEEDS THRU THE CITY STREETS!

YOU KNOW, FELLOWS—I THINK I'LL DEPOSIT MY SHARE OF THE SWAG IN THE BANK—AFTER WE ROB IT! WHAT A GAG!

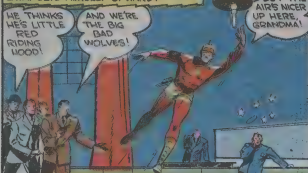
YEAH—WE'LL PUT IT AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY. HO-HO!



SWIFTLY, THE TWO COMPANIONS STRIP THEMSELVES OF THEIR OUTER CLOTHES—AND A MOMENT LATER STAND REVEALED AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS AIDE, WING, FEARLESS CRIME-CRUSHERS!



AS AN ANGRY CRIMINAL HORDE ADVANCES TOWARD THE SCARLET-CLAD NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD—THE AVENGER CATAPULTS HIMSELF UPWARD!



DOWN PLUMMETS THE CRIMSON AVENGER, A ONE-MAN TYPHOON!



MEANWHILE, THE ORIENTAL CHAUFFEUR GOES INTO ACTION!

WHING NOT KNOW WHERE IS FIRE, BUT HE IS GONNA COOL YOU OFF, ANYHOWS!



ALSO BIG BOOM-BUST ON EVIL NOGGINS SHOULD SUDDEN-QUICK EXTINGUISH ALL DISHONORABLE ENTHUSIASTICS FOR CLIME!



SUDDENLY, THE UGLY SNOOT OF A MACHINE-GUN IS LEVELED AT THE CRIMSON AVENGER!

I'M GONNA SEND YOU A LETTER FROM THIS TYPEWRITER, CHUMP—SPECIAL DELIVERY!



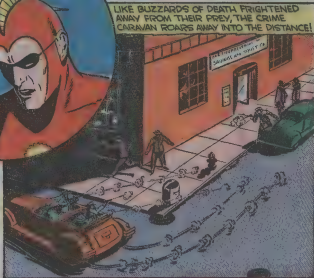
THE EAR-RENDING BLASTS OF DISTANT POLICE SIRENS WAIL THRU THE AIR!

THE COPS! THEY HEARD THE SHOOTING! WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE—FAST!

BUT FIRST I WANT TO GIVE THIS GUY SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!



LIKE BUZZARDS OF DEATH FRIGHTENED AWAY FROM THEIR PREY, THE CRIME CARAVAN ROARS AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE!



LATER—INSIDE THE BANK!

DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, AVENGER! WE SCARED THEM OFF BEFORE THEY COULD STEAL A DIME! WHY, THEY EVEN LEFT ONE OF THEIR MEN BEHIND!

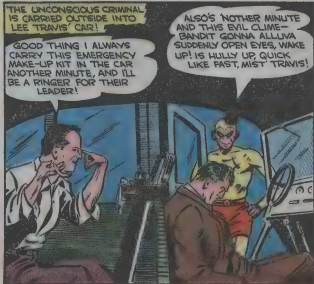
THEY DID, EH? WELL, THAT'S A MISTAKE THEY'RE SOON GOING TO REGRET!



THE UNCONSCIOUS CRIMINAL IS CARRIED OUTSIDE INTO LEE TRAVIS' CAR!

GOOD THING I ALWAYS CARRY THIS EMERGENCY MAKE-UP KIT IN THE CAR ANOTHER MINUTE, AND I'LL BE A RINGER FOR THEIR LEADER!

ALSO'S NOTHER MINUTE AND THIS EVIL CLIME-BANDIT GONNA ALLUVA SUDDENLY OPEN EYES, WAKE UP! IS HULLY UP QUICK LIKE FAST, MIST TRAVIS!





THE MIRACLE OF MAKEUP TRANSFORMS THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTER INTO A PERFECT DOUBLE FOR THE OUTLAW LEADER!

"UH—HULLO, BOSS. WHAT HAPPENED?"

"HURRY UP, FOOL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO GET UP DRIVE US TO THE HIDEOUT!"



THE CRIMINAL THREADS THE CAR THRU THE BUSTLING TRAFFIC, SPEEDS THE CAR INTO THE COUNTRY!

"I'M GLAD YOU CAPTURED THIS LIVING SCARECROW, BOSS! CAN I HAVE FIVE MINUTES WITH HIM WHEN WE GET TO THE HIDEOUT? OVER IN ONE MINUTE!"



MOMENTS LATER—A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME—AND THE SCARLET-CLAD LAWYAN IS HIMSELF ONCE AGAIN!



"INTO THE LION'S DEN!"

"IS NO LIE WHAT YOU SAY WITH MOUTHFUL OF WORDS!"

THE CAR STOPS BEFORE A QUAINT RESTAURANT ON THE HIGHWAY!

"LAST STOP! WHAT A SWELL HIDEOUT! NO ONE WOULD EVER SUSPECT THIS RESTAURANT WAS OUR MEETING PLACE. EH, BOSS?"

"YES—THIS IS THE LAST STOP—"



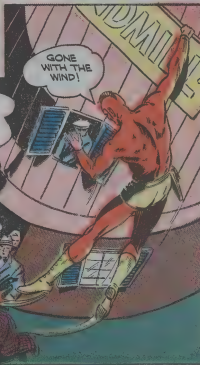
"—FOR YOU!"

BUT AT THE FIRST SOUND OF THE TREACHEROUS BARRAGE, THE LITHE FIGURES LEAP FOR THE REVOLVING BLADES OF THE WINDMILL!



SUDDENLY—THE SPURT OF MACHINE-GUN LEAD AS A LOOKOUT IN THE TOWER SPIES THE POWERHOUSE TEAM!

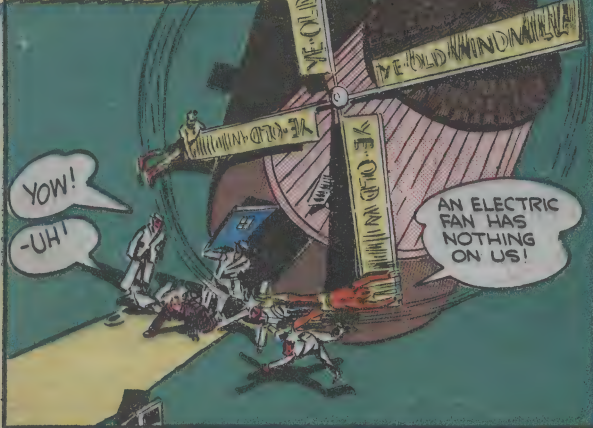
"THE BOSS'LL GIVE ME A BONUS FOR THIS!"



"GONE WITH THE WIND!"

"WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING—HUH!"

A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND, AND THE FLASHING, WHIRLING BLADES OF THE WINDMILL SPIN ROUND AND ROUND—WITH UNFORTUNATE RESULTS FOR THE GUNMEN!



SUDDENLY—THE LOOKOUT PREPARES FOR A PERILOUS LEAP!



HUNTER AND THE HUNTED START ON A MAD RIDE!



AND HURLS HIMSELF ACROSS SPACE TO LAND ON THE GYRATING VANE!



AND, AS THE SCARLET-CLOAKED FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD SENDS PILEDRIVER BLOW AFTER BLOW AT THE HORDE!





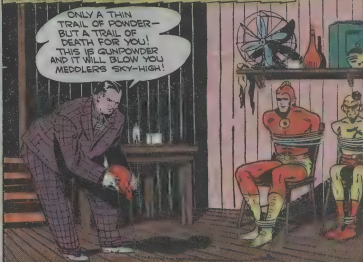
BUT ONCE AGAIN THE OVERWHELMING ODDS EVENTUALLY PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE CHAMPIONS OF THE LAW!



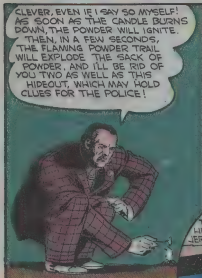
DE BOSS IS PUTTING ON HIS WHITE GLOVES!

YOU'VE INTERFERED ONCE TOO OFTEN, MY TROUBLESOME FRIENDS. THIS TIME YOU DIE!

LATER—THE TWO COMRADES IN COMBAT FIND THEMSELVES BOUND AND HELPLESS IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE RESTAURANT!



ONLY A THIN TRAIL OF POWDER—BUT A TRAIL OF DEATH FOR YOU! THIS IS GUNPOWDER AND IT WILL BLOW YOU MEDDLERS SKY-HIGH!



CLEVER, EVEN IF I SAY SO MYSELF! AS SOON AS THE CANDLE BURNS DOWN, THE POWDER WILL IGNITE. THEN, IN A FEW SECONDS, THE FLAMING POWDER TRAIL WILL EXPLODE THE SACK OF POWDER, AND I'LL BE RID OF YOU TWO AS WELL AS THIS HIDEOUT, WHICH MAY HOLD CLUES FOR THE POLICE!



ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO GO, BOYS! AND NOW WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO PULL OUR LATEST JOB. THERE'S A FEW OUNCES OF RADIUM AT THE CITY HOSPITAL I WANT TO PICK UP!

BREAK NECK, PLEASE, ON WAY OUT!

THE AVENGER STORMS UPWARD UNTIL HE REACHES THE DANGLING CHAIN WITH HIS MOUTH—THEN, A SHARP JERK AND THE FAN IS ON!



ALONE, THE TWO DOOMED COMPANIONS WATCH THE WAVERING FLAME OF THE CANDLE!

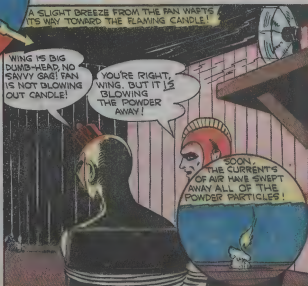
WELL, WING, I ALWAYS KNEW WE'D GO OUT WITH A BANG! THERE DOESN'T SEEM ANY WAY OF GETTING OUT OF THIS SPOT! NO USE TRYING TO BREAK OUR BONDS—WE CAN'T GET FREE IN TIME!

SUDDEN—SOON CANDLE GONNA REACH POWDER. WE BE BIG-BOOM NOISE!



SUDDENLY, AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER EYES THE ELECTRIC FAN ABOVE HIM, A DARING IDEA CRYSTALLIZES IN HIS MIND!

THERE'S A CHANCE, WING! IF I CAN REACH THIS CHAIN AND PULL IT SO THAT THE FAN GOES ON—WE MAY BE SAVED!



A SLIGHT BREEZE FROM THE FAN WHIPS ITS WAY TOWARD THE FLAMING CANDLE!

WING IS BIG DUMB-HEAD, NO SAVVY GAG! FAN IS NOT BLOWING OUT CANDLE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, WING, BUT IT'S BLOWING THE POWDER AWAY!

SOON, THE CURRENTS OF AIR HAVE SWEEP AWAY ALL OF THE POWDER PARTICLES!

THE IMMEDIATE DANGER AVERTED, A FEW MINUTES LATER THE COMPANIONS BREAK LOOSE FROM THEIR BONDS! AND NOW TO SNUFF OUT OUR HOODLUM PAL'S THE WAY I'M PUTTING OUT THIS CANDLE! COMON, THEY'RE AT CITY HOSPITAL!



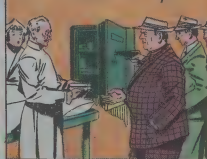
A BREATHTAKING RIDE AT BREAKNECK SPEED—AND THE DYNAMITE TEAM ROARS UP BEFORE THE CITY HOSPITAL!



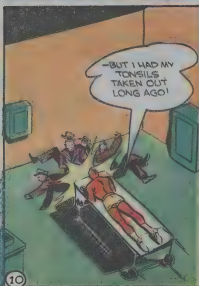
INSIDE THE HOSPITAL'S MAIN OFFICE!

HERE'S THE RADIUM WONT YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND? WE NEED THAT RADIUM FOR INNOCENT STRICKEN MEN AND WOMEN!

CUT THAT SENTIMENTAL SLOBBER! RADIUM IS WHAT I WANT—AND THAT'S WHAT I'M TAKING!



SUDDENLY, A PAIR OF TWIN THUNDERBOLTS DESCEND UPON THE OUTLAWS WITH THE FURY OF A TIDAL WAVE!



10



THE END



# Be sure your Christmas bike has this Coaster Brake

**WHAT'S MISSING IN THIS PICTURE?**  
Follow from dot to dot with a pencil. Stop at each "X" and start again at the next numbered dot.

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STEVE

# MALONE

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

BY DON LYNCH

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY LIVES EX-JUDGE GEORGE FRANK IN HIS WORLD-FAMOUS HOME WHERE TRAGEDY IS SOON TO STRIKE ----

NOW, JIM, I TOLD YOU I'M NOT GOING TO PAY FOR YOUR GAMBLING LOSSES! LET THEM YELL ALL THEY WANT! THEY CAN'T HURT YOU!

OH, YEAH? THEY'LL TAKE ME FOR A RIDE!

I'M NOT GOING TO GET SHOT FOR A FEW DOLLARS, YOU OLD MISER! I'LL GET THAT MONEY SOMEHOW!

JOAN, I UNDERSTAND YOU CAME HERE TO MY LITTLE GATHERING TO SEE ME ABOUT REFUSING THAT LOAN TO YOUR HUSBAND! WELL, I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT!

BUT, UNCLE GEORGE - I'LL WILL HAVE TO GO INTO BANKRUPTCY!

HE'S WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD UP HIS BUSINESS - IT SEEMS AWFULLY UNFAIR -

UNFAIR? WHY? I OWE HIM NOTHING! NO, JOAN, I CAN'T DO IT!

STEVE MALONE!  
COME RIGHT IN! I'M  
MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE  
YOU!

HOW'S YOUR  
HEART BEEN  
BEHAVING  
LATELY, JUDGE?  
IT ISN'T  
WHAT IT  
USED TO BE.  
I KNOW!

I TAKE IT RATHER EASY.  
ANY LITTLE SHOCK MAKES  
ME GO RIGHT TO BED,  
SO I DON'T DO MUCH.  
THIS LITTLE  
PARTY IS MY  
ANNUAL TREAT  
TO MEMBERS OF  
BENCH AND BAR.

WELL,  
YOU REST  
A WHILE.  
I'LL GET  
YOU SOME  
ICED TEA.

AS STEVE WALKS AWAY, JIM AND JOAN  
APPROACH.....

THE SKINFLINT! HE'S GOT MORE MONEY  
THAN HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH,  
BUT HE'S TIGHTER THAN A NEW SHOE!

I WISH WE COULD  
SCARE HIM INTO DOING  
SOMETHING! I'M  
DESPERATE!

I HAVE AN IDEA!  
I'LL PRETEND TO SHOOT  
MYSELF! THAT WILL  
MAKE HIM REALIZE  
I'M UP AGAINST IT!

THEN MAYBE  
HE'LL LET  
BILL AND ME  
HAVE SOME  
MONEY, TOO!  
GOOD! I'LL GO  
OVER AND TALK  
TO HIM!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT  
JIM, UNCLE! HE LOOKS SO  
DESPONDENT! I--OH--

THAT'S  
A PISTOL  
SHOT!

IT'S  
JIM. HE'S  
SHOT  
HIMSELF!

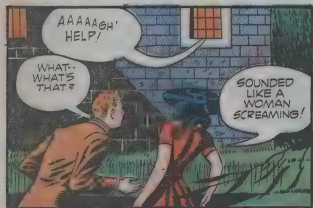
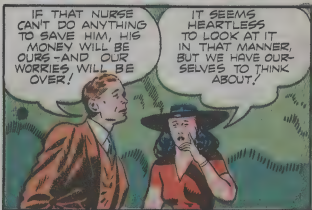
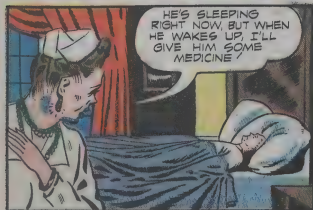
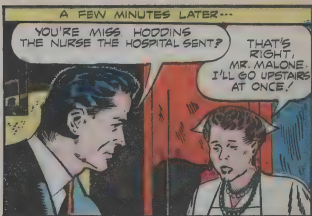
THIS IS  
TERRIBLE!  
OH, MY  
HEART!

HE'S  
FAINTED,  
JIM! JIM!  
HELP ME!

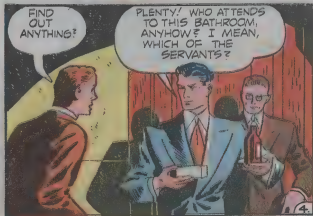
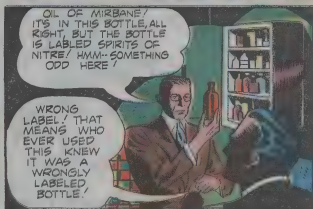
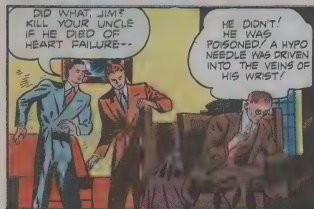
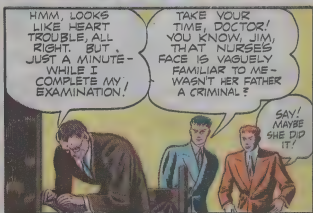
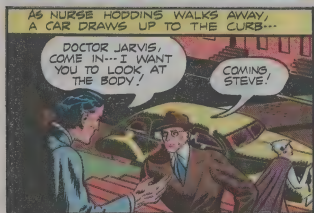
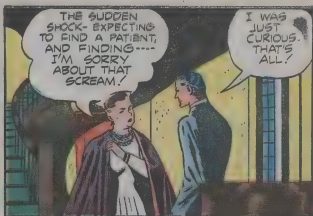
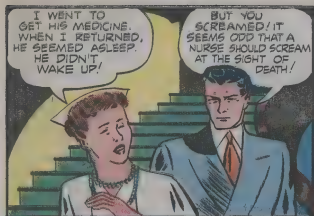
SERVES  
HIM RIGHT, IF  
HE'S SO CHEAP.  
THIS WILL GIVE  
HIM SOMETHING  
TO THINK  
ABOUT!

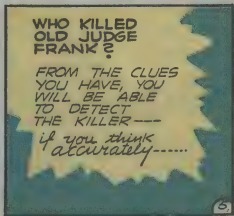
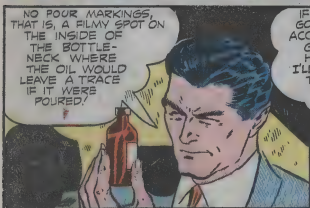
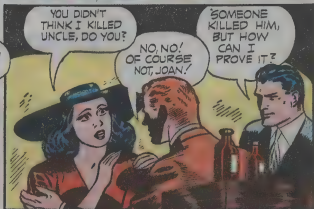
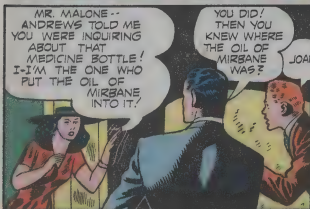
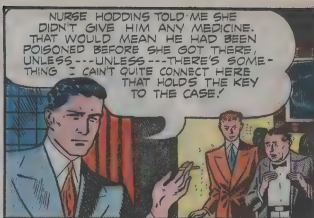
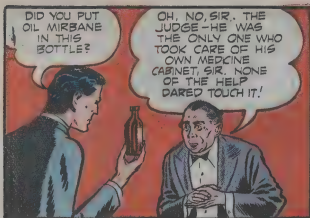
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WE'VE  
GOT TO  
GET HIM  
UPSTAIRS!









PLEASE, BE SEATED. FIRST OF ALL, JOAN! YOUR HUSBAND NEEDED MONEY. IF THE JUDGE WERE DEAD, YOU WOULD INHERIT HALF HIS WEALTH! YOU HAD A MOTIVE!



YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE IN THE HOUSE WHO KNEW WHERE THE OIL OF MIRBANE WAS - THE POISON THAT KILLED YOUR UNCLE!

BUT I-I DIDN'T DO IT!

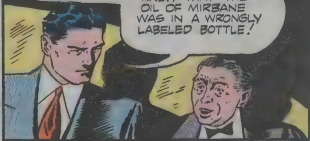


I DIDN'T SAY YOU DID - ALTHOUGH YOU HAD A MOTIVE AND KNEW ABOUT THE POISON. FROM THE TIME YOUR UNCLE WAS CARRIED UPSTAIRS-ALIVE! YOU WERE DOWN IN THE GARDEN, SO YOU HAD NO OPPORTUNITY!



ANDREWS, YOU HAD NO MOTIVE TO KILL YOUR EMPLOYER! I JUST WANTED TO HAVE YOU HERE TO CHECK THE FACT THAT THE JUDGE WAS THE ONLY ONE BESIDES JOAN WHO

KNEW THAT THE OIL OF MIRBANE WAS IN A WRONGLY LABELED BOTTLE!



YOU HAD A MOTIVE AND THE OPPORTUNITY. BUT YOU DID NOT KNOW THE BOTTLE HELD OIL OF MIRBANE! ONLY ONE PERSON ENTERED THE HOUSE-OUTSIDE THE POLICE, WHO COULD HAVE BROUGHT THAT POISON IN--



I SUSPECTED YOU FROM THE BEGINNING, MISS. HODDINS! A TRAINED NURSE NEVER WEARS JEWELRY ON A CASE! YOU COULD HAVE BROUGHT THE POISON IN- AND DID! I HAD YOU TRAILED, AND A POLICEMAN SAW YOU THROW AWAY THE EMPTY BOTTLE!



I WOULD HAVE ARRESTED YOU EARLIER, BUT ALTHOUGH I COULD REASON YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE BROUGHT IN THE POISON, I HAD TO HAVE PROOF! THE BOTTLE YOU THREW AWAY WAS THE PROOF!



YOUR FATHER WAS A CRIMINAL! MY HUNCH IS THAT THE JUDGE SENT HIM "UP THE RIVER" AND YOU WANTED REVENGE! IS THAT RIGHT?



I LEFT THE HYPO NEEDLE, HOPING YOU WOULD THINK IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB! YOU WERE TOO SMART FOR ME!



THE END

# NIGHT MEETING

by Eric Carter



THE man was about three hundred feet ahead, wobbling crazily along the sidewalk. In the lights from the police car patrolling the area, his shadow was cast, long and grotesque and lurching. Usually, at so early an hour of the morning, this particular section of Factorytown was quiet.

Thus, when Officer Donald, riding with his mate, MacClosky, said: "Bet that drunk catches it when he gets home," there was nothing to indicate he was wrong. Not until a moment later.

MacClosky, a smart cop, noticed that the man bumped against a wall. He seemed to sag there, and that was unusual because no intoxicated person wants to stay against a wall. They all think they can walk straight, and then when they find they can't, it's usually the street into which they fall.

\* \* \*

"Pull up, Donald," Mac said. "Let's get a look at this guy!" He reached into the dashboard compartment for a flashlight.

Grumbling, Donald did as directed. "These drunks can take care of themselves," he said, "All we'll get from him is abuse."

The man had sagged to the street, his back against the wall, when Mac framed him in the

flashlight, playing it first on the man's face. The flash moved down and Mac cried out: "Donald, come here!"

Donald piled out. His startled eyes looked at the blood pouring from the man's shirt. "We'd better get this guy into the hospital!"

"No!" Mac's hands was probing beneath the man's coat. "We can't move him. Use the two way radio and call for an ambulance. The precinct will send it right out."

Donald scrambled away just as a moan came from the injured man, whose eyes opened.

"It's all right," Mac said. "We're officers. We're here to help you. What happened?" He leaned over to catch the hoarse, struggling words:

"A—a—man's been murdered!"

"Murdered? Where?" His eyes looked into the white face. The man's hand touched Mac's badge. "Come closer," he said.

Mac's ear was almost at the man's lips.

"In a factory back there," he heard. "That's where it took place." The man's voice broke. Mac moved.

"No—no—" the man said. "Wait. I'm trying to tell you. It's a place that makes precision parts for anti-aircraft guns. They got a new invention, a range-finder that makes it al-

most impossible for an enemy plane to get away. A guy who does business with a foreign country heard about this new thing, and he knew he'd get plenty of dough if he could steal the plans."

He paused for breath. Mac's hand felt the man's heart beating faintly. Donald came up and said: "They're sending an ambulance. What's up?"

"Sssh," Mac cautioned. "He's trying to tell us."

\* \* \*

"Yeah," said the man. "This fellow I'm telling you about, he could use that dough. And he always figured he was a pretty clever guy. Before he went wrong, he was a good machinist. So he managed to get a job in the factory, to sort of look around. He found out that the range finder was even better than he heard. But they guarded those plans as though they were the White House. They were kept in a safe it would take a dose of nitro-glycerine to open. The only thing was getting at that safe."

The man's breath came in short gasps, but, with an effort, he continued his story. "Then this fellow—did I tell you his name was Joe Veck—got a lucky break. He got a room in the same boarding house as the night watchman, a Norwegian named Olaf Rosseland.



"It took a couple of weeks, because the watchman usually slept days, but on Sunday he was up early. So this guy, Joe Veck, strikes up a friendship with him and learns that Olaf is pretty worried about a brother of his, who lives in Oslo. The brother was active in politics and when Quisling pulled his doublecross, this Rosseland in Norway disappears.

"Right away, Joe Veck saw this as a swell break. Veck had some good connections with fifth columnists and they got plenty excited when he told them what he planned to do. They went to work right away and within two weeks, Olaf the watchman got a letter from the authorities in Oslo. Veck was there when he received it, even though he knew what would be in it.

"Olaf's face went white as he read it. Veck, pretending concern, asked what was wrong. Olaf handed him the letter. It said that unless he co-operated with a certain person, Olaf's brother would be put into a concentration camp.

"Poor Olaf! He didn't know what to do. There was no one he could turn to but Veck, who advised that Olaf do what he was told. 'But how can I do that?' Olaf asked. 'They don't say what they want.'

\*\*\*

"That was Veck's cue. Pretending to be surprised, he said: 'Olaf, I'll bet they're after those plans for the range finder. After all, you're the night watchman and they're kept in the safe.'

"Olaf's body trembled. 'No!' he said, his face white, 'I could not do that. It would be working with the enemy'

"But your brother, the crafty Veck reminded him. 'They'll probably kill him.'

"Olaf recoiled as if struck. Then, without a word, he turned and left. Veck smiled to himself. He knew how to break down the watchman Olaf, he figured, was too worried to notify the authorities.

"It took three notes, slipped under Olaf's door to bring the watchman to his knees. Each time he received one, he brought it to Veck and with trembling hands seemed to be trying to hold onto himself. He got so he couldn't sleep days. He would go out into the park and stare vacantly into space.

"And then, one morning, Veck saw the final blow arrive. It was Sunday and Olaf, after church, was sitting on the boarding house porch. A special delivery carrier came up, bringing a letter from Norway. White faced and trembling, Olaf opened it and, as he read its contents, his body slumped in the chair. A few minutes later, without speaking to Veck, he went upstairs.

"Veck smiled to himself. 'The pressure's being put on,' he said to himself. He went upstairs to find Olaf.

\*\*\*

"The watchman was sitting on the bed. Veck, acting solicitous, tried to help him. Olaf stared at Veck and said dully: 'I will be waiting for the man. I have made up my mind.'

"Veck smiled to himself. Aloud he said: 'That's the way to talk, Olaf! You should have, done it long ago. You can fix it so that you'll be knocked out. Now all you got to do is wait for the man to show up.'

"Olaf nodded dumbly. 'I will wait,' he said.

"Veck waited until Tuesday night before he showed up at the plant. He muffled his face in a topcoat and, with hat pulled down over his eyes, rang for Olaf, pretending to be a stranger. Veck carried, in a small bag, the nitro-glycerine to blast the safe.

"It wasn't till Olaf had taken Veck into the private office that he recognized him. For a moment, Olaf was speechless, then he muttered: 'You—it was you all the time!' His white lips curled in disgust. 'And you call yourself an American,' he said.

"Veck laughed. He had nothing to fear. If any harm came

to him, the organization had instructions to take care of Olaf's brother, he told the white faced watchman. 'So come on, Olaf,' he said. 'I'll hit you on the head, just to make it look good!'

"He started toward Olaf, then stared in horror. The old watchman had pulled his gun from its holster. 'Put that gun away, Olaf! Veck cried, thinking Olaf had gone mad. 'Remember what will happen to your brother!'

"Olaf's eyes were cold as his voice. 'I know what happened to him,' he said. 'That letter I got Sunday was from a friend in Norway. My brother died fighting for his principles.' He paused. Then, resuming: 'He was killed by your dirty gang, and now you'll die for it!'

"Veck was panic stricken. 'No!' he cried. 'You can't do it, Olaf. It's murder!' Screaming, he cried, 'It's murder, do you hear me!'

"For a second Olaf's glance wavered. There was a ledge on a desk. Veck threw it, just as the gun went off. He saw Olaf go down, stunned. But he knew the bullet hadn't missed. He managed to stumble out of the factory office and . . . and . . ."

\*\*\*

The man's voice wavered, grew fainter.

Mac, feeling his heart, said, "Wait—wait—tell us, who was murdered?" his flashlight played into the pain-filled voice of the man.

"I," the man whispered, as his body went limp. "I. Joe Veck!"

## THE END.

### ASCENSION—FIJI—NIUE

Papua, various African Airmail, "Hard-to-get" stamps from Britten, Pahang, Selangor, Tanganyika, Mauritius, Kenya, Vatican City, South Sea Islands, Africa, So. America, and many more countries, mostly British Colonies in Big Packet, all diff. stamps to approval applicants—5c.

KENWOOD STAMP CO.  
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# SLAM BRADLEY

SLAM BRADLEY AND  
SHORTY ACE  
DETECTIVES STEAL  
A RIDE ON THE  
WHEEL OF FORTUNE  
BUT LADY LUCK  
WHIRLS THEM FOR  
A LOSS--UNTIL  
THEY TAKE THE  
CROOKS TO THE  
CLEANERS!

AT THE TWELVE O'CLOCK  
CLUB, SUBURBAN GAMBLING  
RENDEZVOUS FOR THE  
CITY'S MEN-ABOUT-TOWN--

THIRTY-ONE  
ON THE BLACK!  
YOU WIN  
AGAIN, MR.  
TYLER!

THIS  
MUST  
BE MY  
LUCKY  
NIGHT!

AS IF  
HE  
NEEDS THE  
MONEY,  
WITH ALL  
HIS  
MILLIONS!

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE  
SPINS 'ROUND AND 'ROUND--

YOU HAVE  
BROKEN THE BANK,  
SIR!

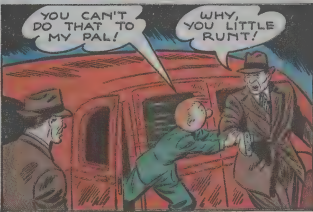
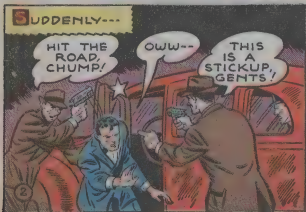
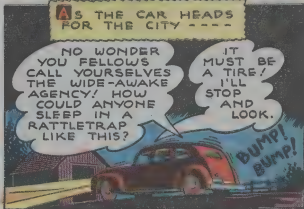
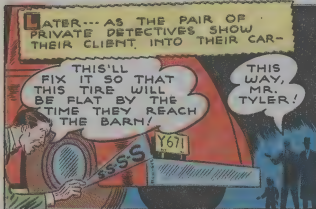
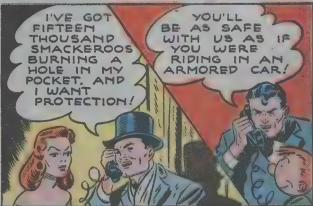
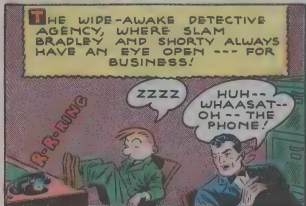
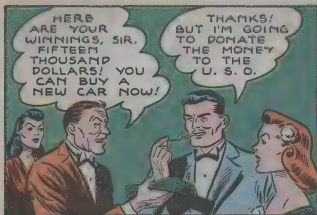
CASH  
THESE CHIPS  
IN FOR ME,  
WILL YOU  
PLEASE?

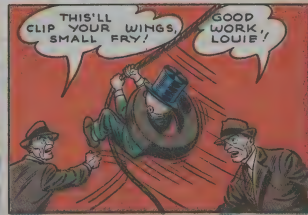
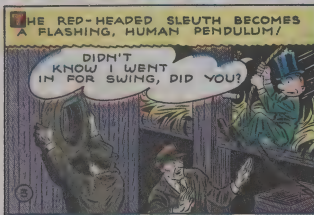
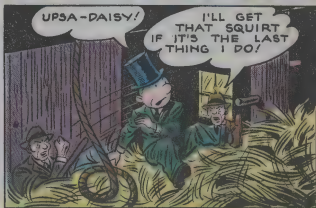
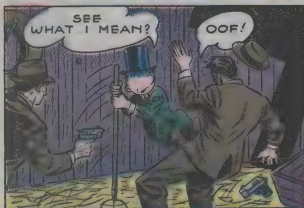
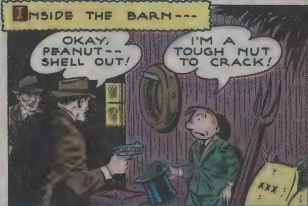
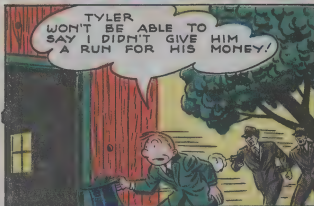
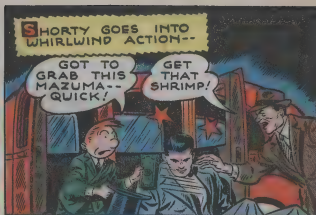
IN THE  
OFFICE OF  
"LUCKY LEWIS"  
OWNER OF  
THE CLUB.

TYLER  
WON FIFTEEN  
GRAND, BOSS...  
THAT'S A LOT  
OF MAY!

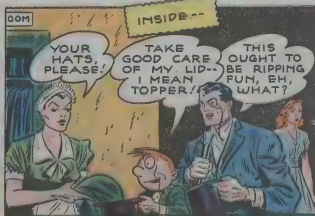
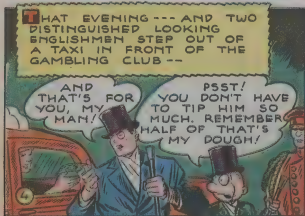
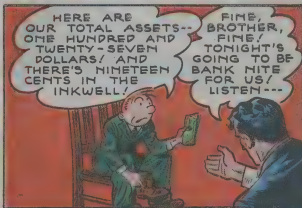
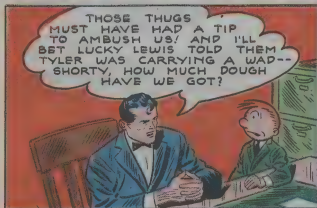
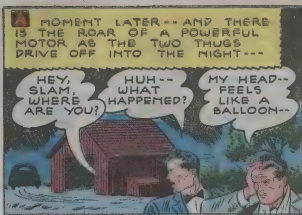
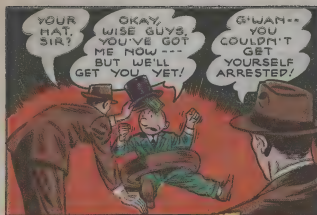
WELL,  
WE'VE  
GOT TO  
MAKE IT  
LOOK GOOD.  
IT'S TOO BAD,  
THOUGH, THAT  
MR. TYLER  
WILL BE  
HELD UP  
TONIGHT. HA HA!

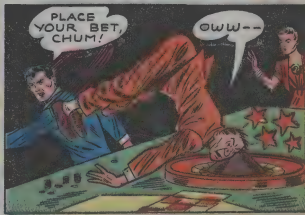
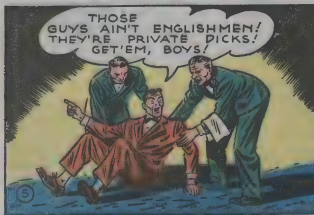
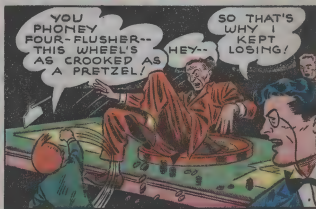
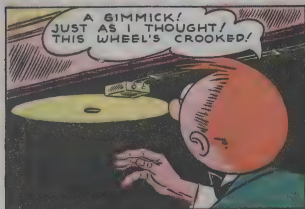
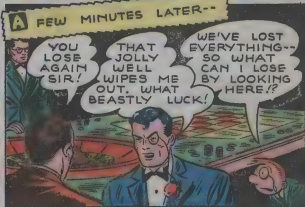
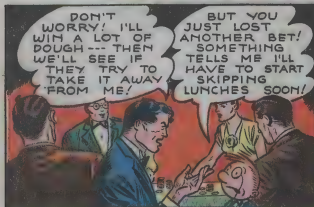
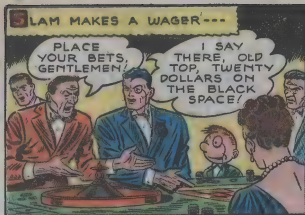


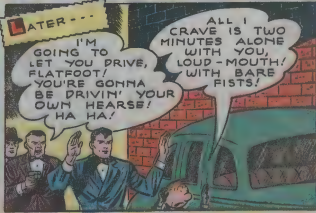
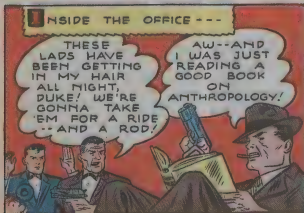
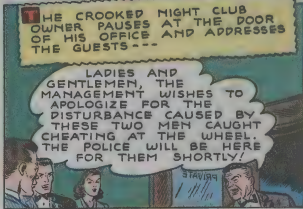
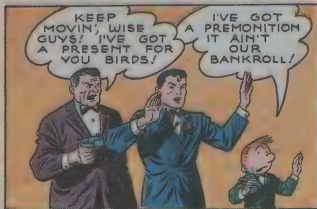
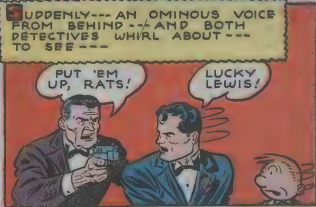
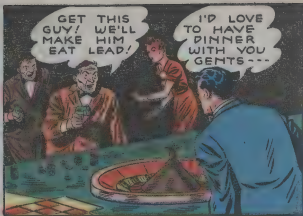


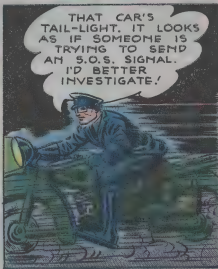
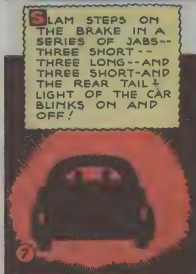
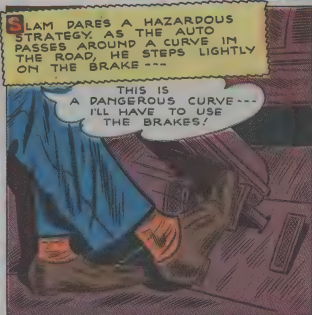
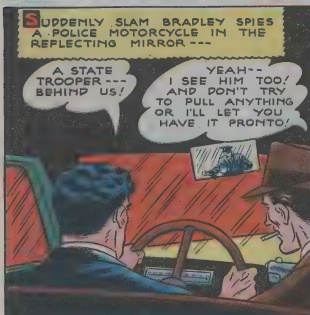
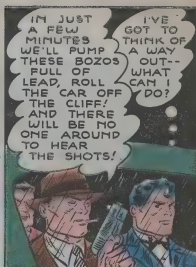
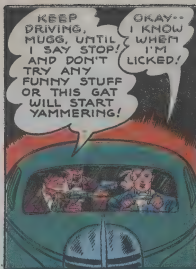




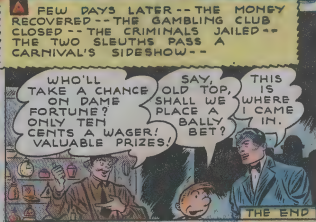
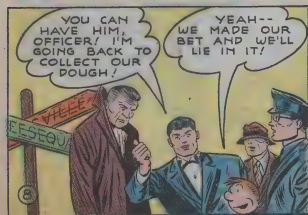
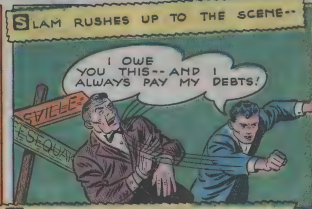
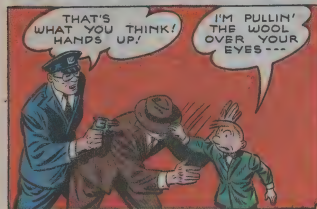
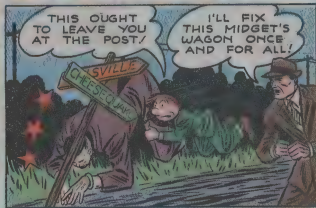
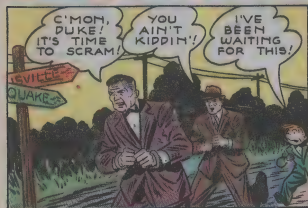
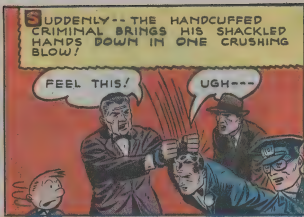
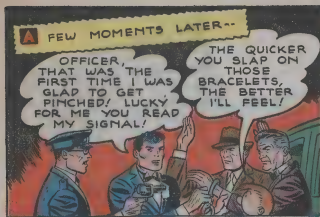












**ADVENTURE  
THRILLS  
ACTION!**



**LOOK  
FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!**

**NOW ON SALE**

**YES-** I'M CONVINCED  
THAT I CAN MAKE GOOD  
MONEY IN RADIO.  
I'M GOING TO START  
TRAINING FOR RADIO  
RIGHT NOW.



**NO-** NOT ME.  
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE  
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS  
JUST A MATTER OF  
LUCK AND I WASN'T  
BORN LUCKY.

BILL SAID  
**"YES"**  
HE'S MAKING  
GOOD MONEY  
IN RADIO  
NOW



THIS N.R.I. TRAINING  
IS GREAT. AND THEY  
SENT REAL RADIO  
PARTS TO HELP  
ME LEARN  
QUICKLY

YOU CERTAINLY  
KNOW RADIO.  
MINE NEVER  
SOUNDED  
BETTER.

I'VE BEEN STUDYING RADIO  
ONLY A FEW MONTHS AND  
I'M ALREADY MAKING  
GOOD MONEY IN  
MY SPARE  
TIME

THANKS

OH BILL! I'M  
SO PROUD OF  
YOU. YOU'VE  
GONE AHEAD  
SO FAST IN  
RADIO

YES! I'VE GOT A  
GOOD JOB NOW AND  
A REAL FUTURE.  
THANKS TO  
N.R.I. TRAINING



TOM SAID  
**"NO"**  
HE'S STILL  
WAITING  
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE  
HIS TIME STUDYING  
RADIO AT HOME

SAME OLD GRIND--  
SAME SKINNY PAY  
ENVELOPE-- I'M  
JUST WHERE I  
WAS FIVE YEARS  
AGO

GUESS I'M A  
FAILURE--  
LOOKS LIKE  
I'LL NEVER  
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE  
A FAILURE, TOM,  
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT IT.  
WISHING AND WAITING  
WON'T GET YOU  
ANYWHERE



# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME *in Spare Time* FOR A **GOOD RADIO JOB**



J. E. Smith, President  
National Radio Institute  
Established 25 Years

## WHY MANY RADIO TECHNICIANS I TRAIN

Over 800 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ thousands of Radio Technicians with average pay among the country's best paid industries. Repairing, servicing, selling home and auto Radio receivers (there are over 50,000,000 in use) gives good jobs to thousands. Many other Radio Technicians take advantage of the oppor-

## EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, TOO

Every man likely to go into military service, every soldier, sailor, marine, should mail the Coupon Now. Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra pay, more interesting duty at pay up to 6 times a private's base pay. Also receives for good Radio jobs after service ends. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!

tunities to have their own service or retail Radio businesses. Think of the many good pay jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N.R.I. gives you the required knowledge of Radio for those jobs. N.R.I. trains you to be ready when Television opens new jobs. Yes, Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They must be trained. Many are getting special ratings in the Army and Navy; extra rank and pay.

## BEGINNERS QUICKLY LEARN TO EARN \$5, \$10 A WEEK EXTRA IN SPARE TIME

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part-time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start making in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for conducting experiments that give you valuable practical experience. You also get a modern Professional Radio Servicing Instrument. My fifty-fifty

method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, practical.

## FIND OUT HOW I TRAIN YOU FOR GOOD PAY IN RADIO

Mail the coupon below. I'll send my 64-page book FREE. It tells about my Course, the types of jobs in the different branches of Radio; shows letters from more than 100 of the men I trained so you can see what they are doing, earning. MAIL THE COUPON in an envelope or paste on a penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President  
Dept. 2AR4  
National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.

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Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name.....  
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City..... State.....





# Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!



**DAISY SINGLE SHOT**  
—holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action

**NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER**  
—All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater

**LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE**—Daisy's original  
500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader inven-  
tion, Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

**BUCK JONES SPECIAL**—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-  
floating type. Comps. inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand.

Shoot a  
**GOLDEN  
BAND**  
1000  
SHOT

## RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on your Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? **RED RYDER CARBINE** features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it now at any hardware, sports goods or department store. If Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near you, send us the price of your Daisy—we'll rush it to you post-paid. Duty added in Canada on all rifles.

### Free CATALOG

Red Ryder says—"I've seen everything in the Daisy Corral—it's all pictured in this new 16-page Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. Send for yours quick, fellers, and show it to Dad. Write Daisy today for your Free copy."



### DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

The gun that's fun for the whole family! Targeteer Pistol, 50 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, 25 target cards, back-stop, complete

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

**BIG JUMBO TUBE**

Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At Dealers.

**5¢**

## DAISY AIR RIFLES

Duty Added in Canada



**SCANNING**  
**SUPERSCAN**